

# WAR CRY

THE  
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year, No. 39

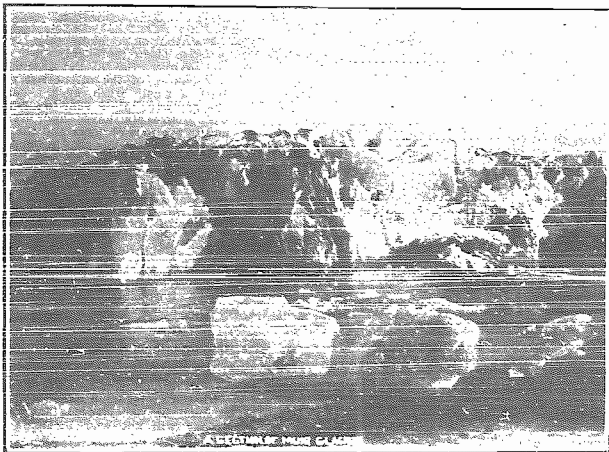
WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1902.

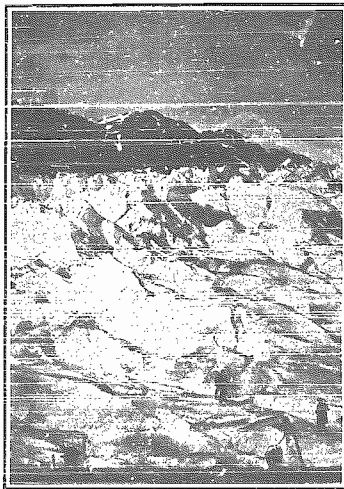
EVANGELINE BOOTH  
Commissioner

Price. 5 Cents.

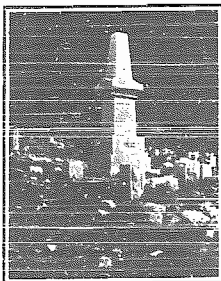
## VIEWS OF THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—(See Article on page 2.)



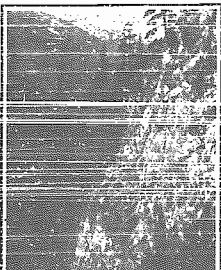
Muir Glacier, Alaska.



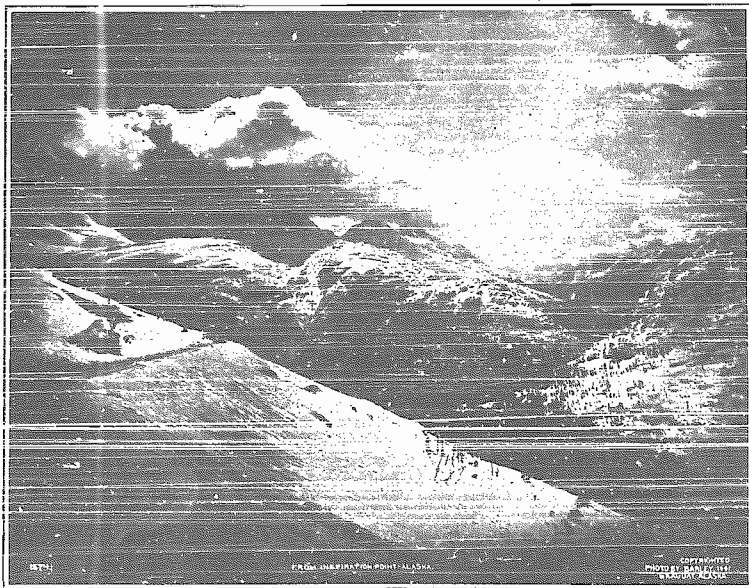
Davidsen Glacier, near Skagway, Alaska.



The Monument to the Memory of Frank Reid, in the Cemetery of Skagway, Alaska.



The Background of the Cemetery.



Looking South from Inspiration Point, Alaska, Towards the Lynn Canal.

## Our Missionary Fields

## INDIA.

"It is generally thought," says Brigadier Yessu Ratnum, of South India, "that the Pulayar, belonging to a serf caste of the Malayalam country, has little intelligence; this is a great mistake. The testimony I heard in a recent meeting were remarkable. One heathen convert told us that when the Army first came he was quite indifferent—a drunkard and a thief—but his wife went to the meeting, and she eventually got converted. Then she started to pray for him. He became interested, and went to see for himself, which ended in his also getting saved. He said his heart was changed, and he had got deliverance from sin.

"A woman who had walked four miles to be present, was asked whether her husband was there also. She replied by saying that her husband was a devil-dancer, and a thief. When was praying for his salvation. When she first went to the meetings he beat her; but, having found salvation, she felt she ought to continue to attend. Her faithfulness and consistency, are evidently telling upon him. 'For,' she said, 'he does not beat me so much now.'"

The following incidents give further evidence of the devotion and sincerity of our Indian soldiery:—

A girl who was staying in our school at Tharikadu, and who was a promisee of being very clever and useful, was attacked one morning with cholera, and although all human aid was given, it soon became evident that she could not recover. She said that she had no fear, as she was only going to her God. She died the same night. Her father is a beautifully-saved soldier. When an officer went to console with him, he said, "It is like saying good-night to her: I shall meet her again in the Morning."

A local Officer, a fine man in the prime of life, said, "Don't give me any more medicine; I am dying, but I have no fears; I am trusting in Jesus, but (turning to his brother) you must look after my children, and always be true to God and the Army."

In connection with our hospital in South India, Adil (a) Turner has recently started a Medical Class, with students, all of whom are officers—five natives and one Swede.

The hospital maintains its popularity, and signs are not wanting that an impression is being made by it on the high-caste people who attend for treatment. A rich Sudra (the headman of a large village) recently invited the Medical and Territorial Staff to dinner. After providing them with dinner the officers retired to a jangly room, and his friends were admitted. He then told us that he had invited us not merely out of gratitude for help received from the hospital, but because he wished us to understand that he was in sympathy with our work. He understood that our business was making bad people into good people. He could testify to the changed lives of some of our converts. He prayed God that not only might we continue to be a blessing, but that we might ourselves be blessed. He had once thought General Booth to be an ordinary man, but he now looked upon him as a divine man.

Coming as the statement did from such an influential man, and being given in the presence of his fellow-caste people, it could not fail to produce a big impression.

In a village in South India, which had been practically free from malaria, although the epidemic was very prevalent in surrounding villages, the people are putting in, at their own expense, a new concrete floor in the barracks as a thank-offering to God for having preserved them from the scourge.—English Cry.

You cannot sop up the sins of the week with a solemn face on Sunday.

You cannot take God by one hand unless you take your brother by the other.

## Canada's Drink Bill,

COMPARED WITH OTHER LEADING EXPENDITURES OF THE DOMINION'S POPULACE.

Liquor .....	\$32,862,813
Iron and Steel Manufactures .....	37,000,000
Meat .....	22,475,000
Bread .....	21,075,000
Woolen Goods .....	21,100,000
Sawed Lumber .....	19,797,000
Boots and Shoes .....	18,000,000
Cotton Goods .....	13,803,000
Sugar and Molasses .....	9,767,000
Schools .....	8,000,000
Christian Missions .....	6,000,000

These figures and spaces show that the Canadian people spend more for intoxicating drinks than for any other class of manufactures; ten millions more for liquor than for meat; \$11,000,000 more for liquor than for bread or woolen goods. They spend more for drinks than for all the lumber they annually use for building their houses, and barns, and fences, and for making their furniture; more than twice as much for alcohol as for cottons; more than three times as much for sugar; and while they spend \$5,000,000 for education, they spend four times as much for drink. The drink bill of the Dominion is twelve millions in excess of the entire assessable property, real and personal, of Halifax! The direct cost for the maintenance of prisons and asylums, and the loss of labor, is another item in the drink bill of the country, which would swell the total financial loss caused by the liquor traffic to an even more enormous sum, and the financial loss after all is the smallest evil of the whole business.

One million dollars' worth of distilled liquor gives employment to but 110 men, and pays but \$46,556 in wages, whereas every million dollars' worth of naval articles yields employment to 1,530 hands, and expends in wages \$518,544.—Ex.

## Must a Woman Always Keep Silence in Church?

(We reprint herewith a very sensible answer given to an oft repeated question, by the Sunday School Times.—Ed.)

A question that has been in discussion among Christians for at least eighteen centuries is whether it is ever proper for women to teach or speak in public. On this point intelligent and enlightened Christians have never agreed. As to whether they are likely to agree in the next eighteen centuries, intelligent Christians differ widely. Here comes a Christian woman in Kansas who is troubled because one commentator has a positive opinion on the subject:

"I have been reading the words of a commentator on 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35 and 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12, in which he makes a statement like this: 'Spiritually-minded persons, who rightly understand truth and duty, will acknowledge that the directions given by Paul about women keeping silent in the church are commendments of God, which all should obey.' Surely he cannot mean such women as Miss Wilkard, Mrs. Booth, Miss Alice Bryan Comstock, M.D., women Sunday School teachers, missionaries, and active members of the Christian Endeavor Societies, are working in disobedience to God's revealed will and commands! I shall be very thankful to you for an answer in your Notes on Open Letters."

There is no error in the Christian Church which cannot be found advocated by some prominent commentator; or, therefore, there is no force in the fact that a commentator says a certain thing. The real question is, What ought a wise commentator to say? We know that ordinary women are allowed no such prominence before the public in the East as is accorded to them in the world of the West. Yet we know that exceptional women in the East have been given, on occasions,

as great power among men in government, for at least forty centuries, as ever among Christians of the West. What Paul's words meant, in view of local practices and prejudices, we cannot be sure; but we can be sure that Paul had no intention of saying that God had been at fault in what He authorized or approved in former times or later. We know that Miriam was inspired to teach and to lead in Israel in public praise in the beginning of Israel's new life. We know that Deborah was chosen of God to be a leader and a judge in Israel in olden time. In the Christian dispensation, inspired Philip had four daughters who were inspired to teach. Priscilla was a prominent Christian teacher, capable of instructing Apollos. One thing is certain. Paul approved of women whom God had inspired for doing God's work in God's way (see Acts xviii. 18; xiv. 26; Rom. xvi. 3; 1 Cor. xv. 19; 2 Tim. iv. 19). If the commentator does not understand, or cannot explain it, he is a poor, incompetent commentator. The Bible is a safer guide for Christian women than the uninspired commentator, however prominent he may be.

A pretty sure test of whether a cake is done is to touch it gently with the finger. If your touch leaves a dint the cake is not baked; if the crust springs back it is ready to take from the oven.

In trimming a kerosene lamp, remove the charred part of the wick by pinching it off with a piece of paper. If the wick is frayed, even it with a sharp pair of scissors.

To clean linoleum take equal parts of kerosene oil and cheap vinegar, and rub well with a flannel rag. If the linoleum is very dirty, first wash it with soap and water, or water to which a little turpentine has been added. Washing soda should not be used on linoleum, because it readily attacks oil and paint, of which this floor covering is chiefly made.

## This and That.

A pound of sugar is one pint, and an ounce of liquid is two tablespoonfuls, and a pint of liquid weighs sixteen ounces.

Silver spoons that have become discolored from contact with cooked eggs, may be easily brightened with common salt. Coal gas, and the near presence of rubber in any form will cause silver to tarnish. One of the best receptacles for silver cutlery is to wash them in a warm flannel milk case tacked to a cupboard door.

In cleaning paint spots that will not yield to soap, try a damp cloth, wet in strong soda water and rub lightly.

A sponge may be cleaned by letting it be covered in milk for twelve hours, and then rinsing it in cold water.

Glass may be cut with a chisel if kept constantly wet with camphor gum dissolved in spirits of turpentine.

White flat-irons do not heat well turn a large dishpan over them.

For the cloth moth take special pains to clean thoroughly each crack and groove. Buy at the drugist's a few ounces of the oil of red cedar. With a small brush, such as artists use, apply the oil of cedar to all cracks and grooves in boxes and drawers, and to the tops of doors and the baseboards in closets, also around the edges of the floors. Use very little of the oil. There must not be enough to soil anything that comes in contact with the treated surface. This treatment will make closets, boxes, etc., moth-proof for some time, and if closed at once the contents will be perfectly safe through the summer and fall.

When a carpet comes to be laid afresh, the colors are apt to look as somewhat dingy, and certainly not so bright as was expected. To remedy this use a palful of warm water containing a small brush, such as artists use, apply the oil of cedar to all cracks and grooves in boxes and drawers, and to the tops of doors and the baseboards in closets, also around the edges of the floors. Use very little of the oil. There must not be enough to soil anything that comes in contact with the treated surface. This treatment will make closets, boxes, etc., moth-proof for some time, and if closed at once the contents will be perfectly safe through the summer and fall.

When a steel gets rusty cover it with sweet oil well rubbed on; next day rub again with finely-powdered unslaked lime until all rust disappears.

The air in a damp cellar may be made drier and purer, by placing in it an open box containing fresh lime.

To mend china mix together equal parts of fine glue, white of egg, and white lead, and with it mix the cement. Press them together until hard and dry, and then scrape off the cement that sticks above the joint.

If the hair is falling out, rub the pulp of a lemon on the scalp.

Ink stains may be removed from white goods by rubbing promptly with a piece of lemon.

Alum water will restore almost any faded colors, if put into the rinsing water after the goods are washed.

When it is possible to prepare any part of a dish the day before, it is a lesson in economy. One can never guess how busy the next day may be.

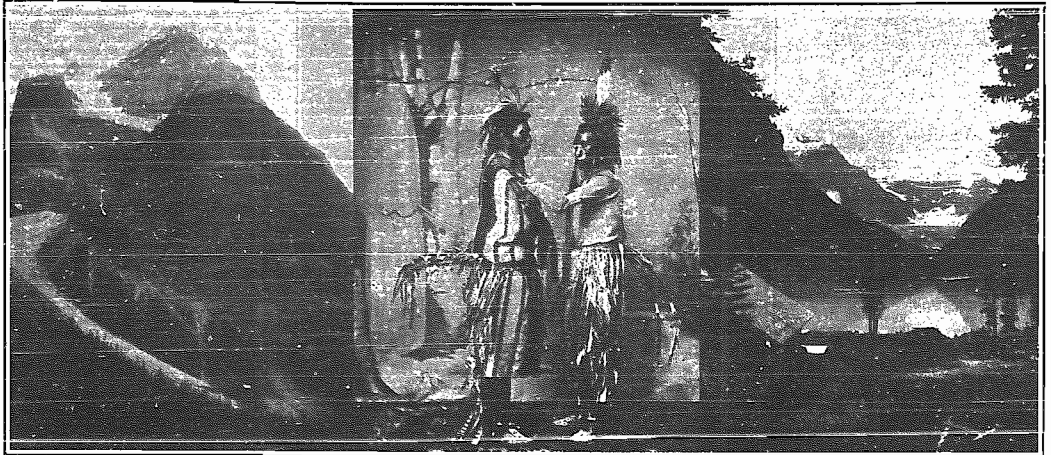
To clear the premises of rats, place freshly slaked lime in their runways.

Newspapers soaked in a solution made of cayenne pepper and water, and thrust into the mice-holes will free the house of mice.

Sift Graham flour before using in bread of muffins. Unless it is an unusually fine flour, it holds too much bran for the human stomach.

Thick soup is only permissible in a dinner where there is either no meat or a very light dinner. A meat dish, or a cream soup is a substantial first course in itself.

Even in tomato soup, which holds neither milk nor cream, it is best to add a pinch of soda. There is no butter in the soup, and butter will be better in the soup, for it contains the same properties as cream. Add the soda to the soup just before the binding of butter and flour.



East side of Mt. Stephen, showing edge of Glacier.

Apistean and Akanoo, Sarcee Indians.

Lake Louise, near Laggan, Rockies.

## Recollections of the Far West.

BEING A COLLECTION OF GRAVE AND GAY INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT REMARKABLE TOUR OF THE COMMISSIONER AND THE RED KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

(By Wm. Offhem.)

The Western Tour of the Commissioner and the Red Knights of the Cross, once looked for with keen anticipation, and stretching out over a period of ten weeks, is now a thing of the past, but one that will live in the memory of tens of thousands who thronged our buildings, and the hundreds who lined our penitential forms.

### A Few Facts and Figures.

The tour began March 29th, and ended June 5th. It covered at its longest journeying over 8,000 miles, and included ninety meetings, aggregating a total indoor attendance of over thirty thousand people, and showing visible results in 350 men and women coming forward for purity and pardon. These figures need no comment.

### Railroad Accidents.

A railroad accident nearly promoted the Commissioner and party of three to Glory, at the beginning of the tour. Our speed saved us, in cutting clean through a freight train standing across the track, preventing the passenger cars being telescoped by a sudden stoppage of the engine. Another railway accident delayed the party from being at Fargo, as announced, and a third accident on a preceding train delayed us on our homeward journey for about three hours.

### The Needs of the Inner Man.

"Gipsy" with the assistance of "Auntie" and Capt. Russell, looked after the meals when traveling. To their credit, he it said that they managed to supply very nice meals at little expense. At any rate, the fact that several Red Knights weighed from ten to fifteen pounds more on their return than at the beginning of the tour, speaks well for the caterers.

### A Butte Opinion of Miss Booth.

"At all three of the services held at the Auditorium yesterday by the Red Knights of the Cross the hall was filled to its capacity, and even standing room was at a premium. Commissioner Evangeline Booth was the magnet which drew the great crowds, and she was certainly at her best."

"Earnest in her pleadings, and eloquent in delivery, Miss Booth throws her whole soul into her work. With a charming presence and a personality almost indescribable, she holds her hearers spellbound, and at the close of her remarks there exists a feeling of regret that she has finished. . . ."

### And of the Meetings.

A great ovation of which the local members of the Salvation Army and the visiting officials may well be proud was the meeting at the auditorium last evening. The spacious hall was taxed to its utmost standing and seating capacity to accommodate the crush of those who came to hear Miss Booth speak, and hundreds were turned away. The vocal and instrumental music was inspiring, and the powerful address of the wonderful woman-leader in the great religious movement visibly impressed and moved many in the vast audience."

### A Brave Boy.

A very touching sight at one of the Commissioner's meetings was that of a little boy, of about twelve years, holding up his hand boldly when Miss Booth asked for those who wanted to get saved. He marched down from the far end of the large gallery, and made his way to the penitential form. Afterwards we found that his mother was a singer in a concert hall of doubtful repute, but the little lad was in earnest, and meant to stay with Jesus.

### The Pacific Commander.

Major Hargrave met the Commissioner at Butte, and went with her to Nelson and Roseland. He had made very admirable arrangements in every place visited in his Province, and looked well after the needs and comfort of the Commissioner and party. Billiards, halls, crowds, and finances were all very satisfactory. Mrs. Hargrave, who was delighted to have the Commissioner stay at her home while in Spokane, sang several times during the special meetings, with her old-time sweetness and expression. Both the Major and his beloved wife were greatly pleased with the success of the tour, to which end they had labored for weeks.

The Early Bird.  
Passing through Missoula, we had a wait of twenty minutes, during which Ensign and Mrs. Cummins came to see the Commissioner, and took the opportunity to canvass for the Self-Denial Fund. He had started early to catch the worm, and recent returns show that he collected over \$200, while his target was \$140, which shows that he worked hard, long, and systematically. We were sorry the time did not permit of a meeting being held at Missoula, but keep believing, Ensign, the future is before you.

### Glorious Scenes.

The scenery of the Far West along portions of the Northern Pacific and throughout the Kootenai country is grand. Streams, rocks, mountains, valleys, lakes, and canyons meet the enraptured gaze of the dwellers of the plains, and loudly proclaim the glory of the Creator. Reluctantly the eye leaves the scene of beauty, as

the train rushes on, and in ecstasy we revel in Nature's handiwork. Truly God spreads His Bible all around us for all mankind to read and admire.

### The Rocky Mountains.

But the scenery along the C.P.R., from Vancouver to Banff, takes the palm of that of any transcontinental railway. It is simply superb. The grandeur of the lofty peaks and glaciers, the variety of formation and stretches of mountain ranges, the magnificent Fraser River, and Kicking Horse Canyon, and a thousand other characteristics, make the journey delightful, no matter how often repeated. Every mile of that long journey is one of inspiration and admiration. One is sorry that some parts of it have to be spent in sleep.

### 900 Miles Northward by Sea.

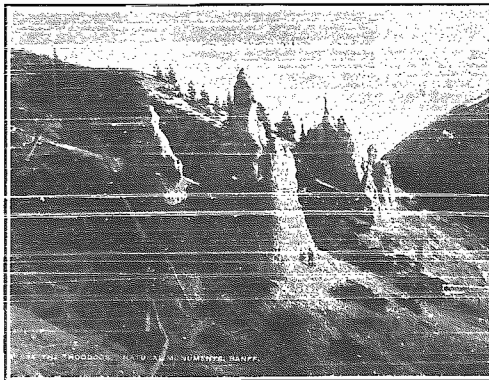
Different somewhat, but magnificent, is the journey by boat from Vancouver to Skagway. The boat, the S.S. Princess May, on which the Commissioner traveled, was greatly different from that on which she traveled with the first Klondike contingent, four years ago. Then sheep, miles, and horses were on board in provision, accommodation limited and primitive, and the progress slow. This time we took three days instead of six, but we did not make the numerous calls which made the former journey so interesting. We were pleased to have the same Captain on board, who made us very comfortable.

### Toward Alaska.

The channel lies between hundreds of islands which dot the Pacific coast. New views continually open to the onlooker. Then one has the advantage over the railroad on deck of a ship of seeing all around at leisure. The weather was very propitious—calm waters, inlets, bays, mountains, glaciers, sunsets, clear atmosphere, Indian villages, playing porpoises, icebergs, and other steamers, made a great variety of attractive pictures, which, with the bracing sea breeze, made us feel at peace with all the world, and dangerously disinclined for work.

### More Than Pleased.

To say that the Skagway officers were pleased to see the Commissioner and her party is to put it very mild. Fancy never seeing a comrade-once, a Special, a G.B.M. Agent, a D. O., or a P. O. for two years, and you will have some idea of this feeling. They made everyone feel right at home, gave the Commissioner their humble bedroom, and looked well after her temporal needs and comfort. The friends and soldiers of the city also did their best to honor their distinguished visitor, who conducted, in all four large meetings in the Elk's Hall.



The "Hoodoos," Natural Monuments, Banff.

## A Visit to a Famous Cemetery.

While at Skagway the Commissioner visited the little cemetery up the canyon, situated on the rocky hillside, with the fine Reid's Falls as a background. Here lies buried at the edge the ill-famed outlaw "Soapy Smith," who held the town in constant terror about four years ago, and by the help of his "gang" relieved many a miner of his hard-earned gold. He was at the Commissioner's open-air meeting four years ago, and afterwards paid us a visit, while camping, at midnight. A few weeks following the better element of Skagway's citizens rose up and called a mass meeting to discuss how to rid themselves of "Soapy" and his gang. The surveyor, Mr. Reid, was put at the entrance of the wharf to refuse admittance to any of the outlaws. In due course Soapy Smith appeared and demanded admittance. Reid refused, shots were exchanged and both opponents fell mortally wounded. A fine monument has been erected to the memory of Frank Reid, "who gave his life for the honor of Skagway," as the epitaph on the tomb-stone reads.

## A Dead City.

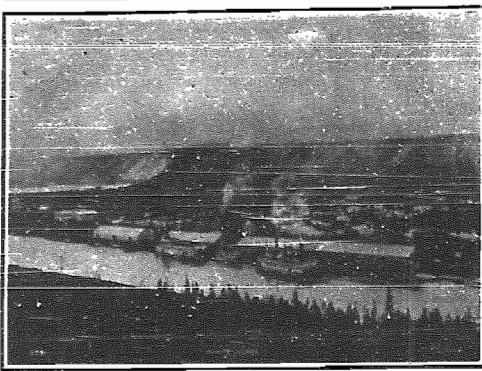
Two Danish fishermen offered their gasoline launch to take the Commissioner to Dyea, the formerly well-known city at the foot of the famed Chilkoot Pass. Dyea once made a desperate struggle to gain the second rank, but it began the building of a long pier to obtain the building of steamers, but after spending about \$10,000 on it they gave up, and so it stands to-day unfurnished. Streets and houses, many of them with furniture inside, are deserted, only about half a dozen white people living there now. The Chilkoot Pass is a forsaken route since the White Pass Railway has been running, and Dyea is a dead city.

## Heathen Self-Sacrifice.

A touching story was told us by Suste, the Indian wife of one of the fishermen, sounding the more pathetic in its simple language. The woman's mother was the daughter of a chief who had married an Indian of the opposite tribe. According to Indian laws, the wife and children belong to the wife's tribe, and in case of war must fight on their side. With the introduction of whiskey by traders, wars among the Chilkoot became frequent, and so a feud broke out between the Frogs and the Whales, as called by the animal which the tribe had taken for their totem. Indian tradition will not allow the conclusion of peace until an even number of skulls on both sides of the fighters, but a chief, or a member of a chief's family, counts for a certain number of men. So Suste's mother determined to bring the bloody struggle to a close by voluntarily giving her life in the payment of a number of men's lives of her tribe. She bade good-bye to her family and took Suste, then a babe of six months, on her back. With tears streaming down her face she rushed out, and was shot, but the baby was saved and grew up. What a sacrifice to make, and she was but a heathen, a despised Indian! It reminds one of the great Love which made a sacrifice of its earthly life to make peace between earth and heaven.

## Heathen Traditions are Cruel.

In spite of the spread of Christianity among the aborigines of Alaska, many heathenish and cruel practices still are practised. Only a few months ago a Christian Indian boy, of fourteen, told the missionary that he had been accused of being a witch, and so having caused the sickness of a relative. This is a trick of the medicine-men, who works himself up into frantic fits, and then accuses someone against whom he has a grudge. The accused is then beaten and cruelly tortured, bound and fettered and left without food until he confesses his crime, or, in default, until he dies. Men and women are accused alike. In this case the missionary believed the boy was only frightened and that the old custom had died out, but when, after a few days, the boy did not appear, he journeyed to his village, and by the aid of a mounted policeman, forced the relatives to reveal the whereabouts. They found the boy almost doubled up, bound and gagged, in a hole under the floor of the sick man's house, and took him away, sending him on the



The Town of White Horse, Yukon Territory.

first steamer to Sitka, where an Indian school exists. For some days the missionary and mounted policeman had to hold off the enraged relatives at the point of the revolver, but when the boy once had been safely sent away, the missionary remained alone, and pluckily rang his church bell on Sunday, holding his services as if nothing had happened. He was not again molested.

## Salvation Army Converts.

We were pleased to see the many converts which the Army has made among the Alaskan Indians, who now wear the uniform and are leading truly Christian lives. Here, at Skagway, Jim Hansen was converted, and after his conversion confessed a double murder, which had baffled the police. Nearly a hundred Indians of the Tlingit tribe are Salvationists. One of them had in his possession the famous Staff-Wain Knife, which, for 200 years had been kept in the family to kill and slay, but now has been sold as a curiosity. The Indian woman presented the Commissioner with one of their famous Indian spruce-root baskets, which take weeks of patient weaving to produce. Another Indian wrote:

"To Miss Eva Booth.

From John Harris Kowahki,

A member of the Skagway Army:

"Praise the Lord I have lived to see you! I am sorry I have not had a

chance to speak to you before I leave. To-day I have to go to my fishing grounds. If I never see you again in life, I hope to meet you in heaven. God bless and keep you safe. God bless everybody!"

To ascertain whether there was any possibility or likelihood of getting through to Dawson, the writer went to White Horse, the terminus of the White Horse Railway. This railroad is undoubtedly a fine piece of engineering work. It climbs the Pass in curves, spanning precipices and clinging to the rocks, in some places almost perpendicular. In other places the builders had to lower swinging scaffolds from the top of the rocks, for the men to drill holes for the blasting of a ledge for the road. The route is most picturesque and unique. The mountains seem to tower in eternal grandeur on every hand, and present a most beautiful view when one has passed the summit and leaves the highest ranges behind like a gigantic coast defence built by Supernatural hands.

## White Horse.

White Horse is a small, neat town, built on the Lewis River, being the terminus of the railroad and the starting point of the river route to Dawson. Five steamers lay there to await the breaking up of the ice in Lake La Barge, which formed the only

obstacle to navigation, the river being open at the time, and free from floating ice. The once-famed White Horse Rapids have lost their terror, since the railroad goes past the same. At this time the ice on Lake La Barge was rotten and unsafe to cross, otherwise we might have gone across on the stage and taken the steamer below, as some who preceded us a few days had done. Then there was a hard trail which the mail carrier took for the time being, but that also was rendered dangerous on account of the many swollen mountain streams, which had to be crossed. The route advance was impossible. The Commissioner, therefore decided, after a few days' waiting, and another two meetings at Skagway, to return.

## Worked Out for the Best.

While the Commissioner deeply regretted to have to disappoint the Dawson officers and soldiers, as well as the public, it proved the best decision, as the following despatch shows:

"(Special Despatch to the Globe).

Dawson, Y.T., June 5.—The first boat from White Horse arrived here on the 3rd inst., with one hundred and fifty passengers and one case of small pox on board. The boat was quarantined at an island five miles below Dawson.

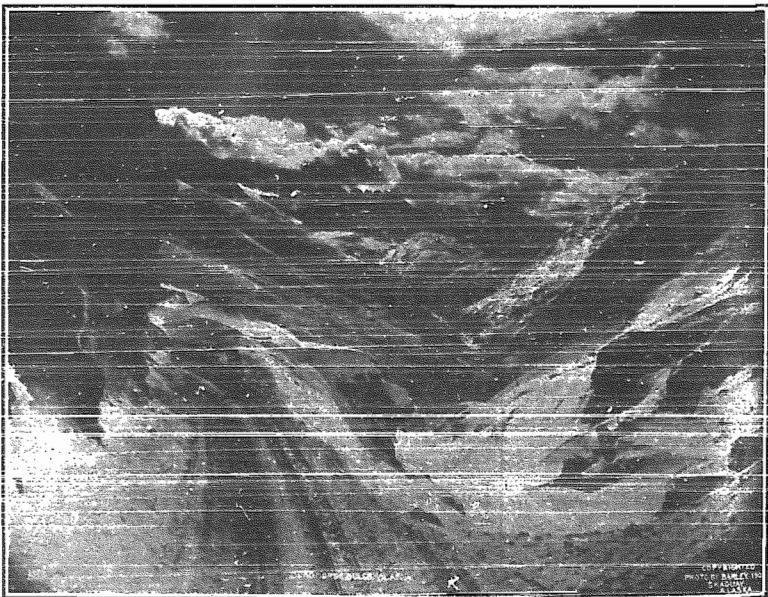
According to this we would, at the time of our writing, be in quarantine, with the prospects of remaining to Toronto some time in August at the earliest.

## Rossland's Health Inspector.

Speaking of small-pox reminds me of the unpleasant experience Brigadier Fugmire had with the Health Inspector at Rossland, when crossing over from Spokane. In spite of the fact that he was the first to show his arm for inspection, the official denied it upon returning to the car, and in general was very discourteous. Some local paper gave a misstatement of the incident, which showed the Brigadier in a wrong light altogether, and a Vancouver paper altogether disregarded truth in the effort to provide amusing reading to the public.

## The Influence of a Sincere Christian.

I met a sailor on board ship who had been a soldier in South Africa, going there with the First Canadian Contingent. He described the following incident as one of the most touching he had ever witnessed. After the battle of Zand River, he noticed a crowd of men standing around the



Dead Horse Gulch, White Pass, Alaska.



corpse of a private, crying and weeping. It seemed a strange sight when dead bodies of men and officers were laying all around unnoticed. He went up and asked who the private had been. "Oh, it's the fellow who always used to be talking to us about our souls," answered one, with choking voice. He was a Salvationist, whose blood-marked Bible was afterwards sent to the young woman he meant to marry on his return.

#### The Calgary Critic Says:

"The Salvation Army lads and lasses were beneficently in evidence during the week. Their grand and clear singing, accompanied by their popular and excellent band music, lent such charm to their religious exhortations as encircled them with crowds of evidently interested hearers. The rough-and-ready cowboy, as well as his more sedate employer, seemed impressed with respect for all those efforts for better thoughts and reforms. The Army, during its life here, has been a power for good, and the fine new barracks they are about to erect shows what a bold they have among the people. We are glad to say that they are here to stay."

#### Two Convicts on the Train.

On our return journey we found two convicts in the forward car, whom the guards were taking to the Kingston Penitentiary. One was under a life-sentence for murder, the other under fourteen years' penalty for burglary. The Commissioner spoke to both of these convicts about the power of Christ to liberate their sin-enraptured souls, while the Red Knights sang several appropriate songs, and choruses. One of the prisoners requested us to sing, "Where is my wandering boy tonight?" Brigadier Pugmire closed in prayer, and we left them with a hand-shake and a "God bless you," to take one bright and lasting memory into their cell, which we trust will help to bring their thoughts and emotions to bear upon the all-important subject of their eternal salvation.

#### Favorite Songs.

The general favorites among the songs of the Red Knights were, "Way over yonder on the hill-top," as sung in the charming style of the Male Quartet, "I want to go there," and "How can I live without Jesus?" sung by Capt. Russell. "Think, O Jesus, for what reason," and "God is calling the prodigal," sung by the entire Red Knights. Then the various instru-



Castle Mountain, Rockies.

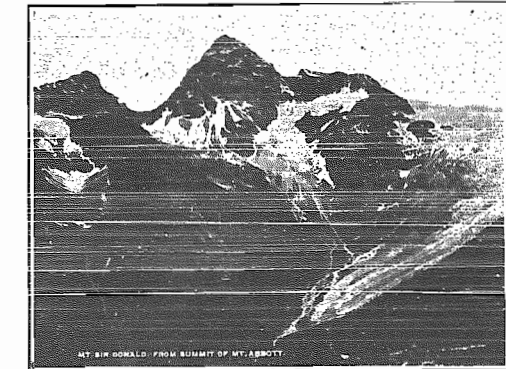
mental numbers, as violin solos, concertina and cornet solos, cello solos, violin and cello duets, and orchestral numbers always were received well. Especially appreciated was the Commissioner's harp playing, which never failed to win admiration and applause.

#### The Young Violinist.

Among the most ardent admirers of the Commissioner's harp was a little girl at Shagway, who, on account of illness had been unable to come to any of the meetings, but who, on the Commissioner's invitation, was brought to the officers' quarters. There the Commissioner played for her; then the little girl brought out her violin and both astonished and amused us with the dexterity of her movements, the precision of her playing, and the grave way with which she played, having the air of a much older person. God bless the child, the only one her mother has left out of four, and help her to grow up to be a blessing to her parents, and the world in general.

#### Many Adventures.

The Red Knights, during their separate tour of four weeks, had many adventures. At Fernie they arrived late, and went straight to the meeting. A compassionate lady left the meeting and bought a bag of oranges, which



Mt. Sir Donald, from Summit of Mt. Abbott.

she handed to the platform. While the announcements were made the Red Knights hastily ate a few oranges behind the scenes, and, much refreshed, continued the meeting. At Kootenay

Landing a landslide had delayed them and five miles were made on an open truck, with a dangerously swinging motion. At Moosomin the station agent misinformed the Red Knights about the train time, with the result that they spent the 24th of May on a freight train instead of at Brandon. At Rossland they visited a gold mine. Another regrettable misunderstanding occurred on account of the town band being out, unknown to the Red Knights, who, however, ceased playing as they marched past, and instead of holding the open-air at the old stand, which was almost opposite the town band's stand, they went a block further away. Instead of appreciating the endeavor of the Red Knights, as most of Rossland's people did, one paper misrepresented the affair, saying that the Red Knights played while passing the band, etc. We are sorry that this error occurred, but the people know us better.

#### Toronto—All Change!

When, on the 5th of June, the well-known Union Station, Toronto, hove in sight, there was a quick scramble and jumping onto the platform to

grasp once more the hands of old comrades and dear ones, and soon the tale of the tour was rehearsed in the different homes, to be treasured as a precious memory by all the Red Knights.

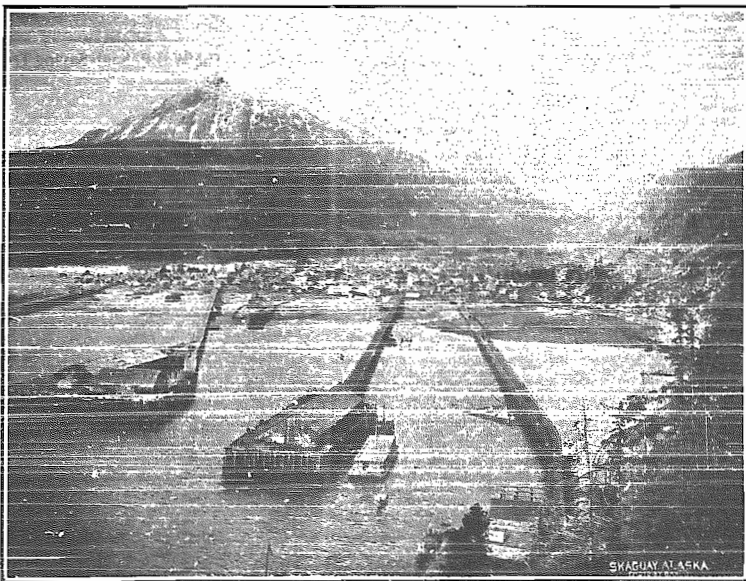
#### A VISION OF LOVE.

I saw it in the midst of the multitude. The face was calm and strong in its expression, and bore tokens of great suffering. It was a strangely mournful face, but yet was passing fair, for on the features played a holy light. There was peace in the depths of those eyes, gazing with tender compassion on the care-worn, tear-stained, sin-darkened faces of the passing throng.

All who caught sight of that singularly pure and lovely countenance seemed drawn towards it, as with magnetic power. The distressed, the sorrowing, the sinful approached the Gracious Being and besought His aid. Did they seek in vain? Ah, no! His healing touch and tender words bound up each broken heart, and as His blessing fell upon the needy, His brow shone with a clearer, holier light, and as it became more brightly illuminated, I saw a name written there. Around the name, in dazzling characters, flashed out the words, "Eternal and Unchangeable," and the name was LOVE.—Elsie M. Graham.

The thorn was the curse of Adam, but the crown of Christ.

Many of our troubles are instantly cured by holding them up in the light of God's countenance. They arise from seeing things in a false light, or from seeing things in the brightness of this world. When they are surveyed in the great sphere, and in the light of heaven, they dissolve like snow-flakes.



Bird's-Eye View of Skagway, Alaska.



**Daily Readings.**

"As was metheth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God."—Ps. lxxvii. 2. A Roman Emperor, who persecuted Christianity, and endeavored to stamp it out of existence, was at length killed in battle. Just before dying he is reported to have said, "O Gallian, (meaning Jesus) Thou hast conquered!"

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness."

**MONDAY.** And all these things shall be added unto you."

Matt. vi. 33. "It is of no use for you to pray with me now," said a dying man to two officers as they knelt by his side. "Once I had an opportunity to give myself to God, but I had set my heart on making money, and although many of my companions got saved, I let the opportunity slip by. And hardening my heart against God, I emigrated to the colonies, where I made my fortune. I have only been back home a few months, thinking to enjoy my money, and now I'm dying. Oh, that I had put God first! I feel it is too late now. I cannot pray. Money has been my god, and now I'm a lost soul." Thus he died.

"Man also knoweth not his time."—Eccles. ix. 12. "I have time to laugh," said a gaily dressed girl when an officer urged her to surrender that night. She was very much convicted, but would not yield. When the officer said to her, "Death may come suddenly—do not put it off," she replied, "Oh, I have plenty of time to laugh."

On the following Sunday morning, instead of returning to the meeting, as she had been urged to do, she went out boating with some friends.

The mother wondered why her beloved daughter was so long returning. She went to the door; a crowd was coming up the street; men were carrying something on a door. With a shriek of woe she recognized the lifeless body of her daughter. Drowned suddenly!

"For now thou numberest my steps, dost thou not watch over me?"

**WEDNESDAY.** over my sin?"—Job xiv. 16. Two children were playing on the hearth-rug before the fire. A plate of sweet cakes was brought in and laid upon the table. "Oh, I want one of those cakes!" cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tiptoe towards the table.

"No, no," said his sister, pulling him back; "no, no, you must not touch."

"Mother won't know it; she didn't count them," he answered, shaking her off, and stretching forth his hand. "If she didn't, perhaps God counted," replied his sister.

The little boy's hand was stayed, and he went back to his seat, leaving the tempting cakes untouched.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare; but who putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—Prov. xix. 25.

"I will shoot them as they pass to-night," said a fierce Swiss persecutor, alluding to our officers. Two hours before he was to put his project into execution his legs were cut off by a train, and with murder in his heart he was suddenly swept before the bar of the great universal Judge.

He that touches God's children, touches the very apple of His eye. We may be sure that, except for some we purpose, we are safe from harm, and if we are to suffer, it will only be that we may bring God the greater

glory by our ultimate deliverance. If Daniel had not been cast into the den of lions, where would have been the glorious story of his faith and victory and God's power to keep?

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi. 14. In the American civil war a wounded soldier said: "Turn me over, will you, boy, so I can see the colors?" and when they turned him over he was dead.

Are your eyes fixed on Calvary's flag—on the cross? Are you fighting under it? Do you love it? If so, though a bullet should pierce your heart the next moment, oh how gladly will you spill your life's blood for Him who died for you. Ah, it is when you



## Evolution of the Salvation Army

### CANADA.

Perhaps we have come now to the most interesting part of our story. It was in July, 17, that the first three officers were despatched to Toronto, from whence they commenced the Army's attack upon Canada. A few weeks later a second Canadian corps was founded in London. The names of Brigadier Adie and Major Ludgate are familiar with these early battles. The fire spread with such rapidity that it soon became necessary to separate the Dominion from the States, forming it into another Commissioner-ship. Wonderful advances were made under the leadership of Commissioner Coomb, who, after several years of service in this country, was transferred to Australia, and is now in command of the British Isles. From the Government downwards, the Salvation Army has received in Canada a hearty recognition, scarcely to be equalled in any other country.

In 1883 the S. A. had in Canada twelve corps. To realize the marvelous progress that has been made since that time it is but necessary to quote the following figures for 1902:

Provinces .....	7
Dist. Cts. ....	51
Cors .....	306
Circ's Corps .....	14
Brigades .....	52
Outposts .....	136
Social Institutions .....	37
Day Schools .....	22

The Salvation Army in Canada has not yet reached its majority, as it will only celebrate its first birthday in the fall. The figures given are, therefore, especially gratifying for such a youngster, and our hearts are filled with praise to God for the splendid progress made.

### Looking Backward.

Let us go back a little, and see what the S. A. was doing in its early days, and for a few minutes at least live these glorious times over again. Very many are standing to-day who were lifted out of the mire of sin, but in these days, as at the present time, all classes of sinners plunged into the fountain of Jesus' blood.

For instance, at the time we read of a man who, in his frequent attacks of delirium tremens, had again and again attempted suicide; a man who used to appear before the magistrate once or twice a month for drunkenness, but who came three miles, out of curiosity, to see the Army for the first time, and, after attending three services, got converted, and, with his wife, three daughters and a son-in-law, established a godly home, and became earnest laborers for the salvation of others.

Here is another, who says, "Sixteen hours a day curses were in my mouth. I was drunk every Saturday night, and was even in a state of intoxication when at the altar getting married.

get your eyes off the cross that your spirit grows weary, and you feel like giving in."

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

**SATURDAY.**—John xv. 13. A and steamboat accident happened, which resulted in the death of more than forty people. Amongst the passengers on the boat was a soldier of one of our corps. As soon as the accident occurred he set himself about to save others who were struggling in the water. He succeeded in saving some eight or nine, when his strength gave way. He was urged to save himself, but replied, "There is no danger for me, I am saved," and in a few moments later sank.

But on the 15th of June, 1886, I took my last drink, and, by God's grace, I shall be the last."

Of another we read: "Two years ago I was lying in a bar-room; I heard the drum, followed to the drill shed, and got saved. I have had my head cut, eyes blackened and face bruised in the service of the devil. But my home, which was once a hell on earth, is now a little heaven. Instead of teaching the children to curse their fathers, I teach them to say, 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

Another man, though in a good position and swellishly-dressed, was actually staggering through the streets when a little Army open-air service attracted him, and he was led the same evening to the Saviour. From that day the man has been a thorough Salvation soldier, wearing the despised red jersey, marching in the ranks, and everywhere toiling like the poorest of the poor.

Then a poor old, for years on the streets, notorious for his drunkenness, which had again and again landed her in prison, became an honest servant-girl, and an upright soldier and speaker as well. Well may an Army officer at this date write:

### Honest Criticism.

"One often hears of honest criticism, and wonders what the expression may mean as applied to a work like this. Surely any critic who has thoroughly honest must be alarmed in the presence of even an earnest effort to accomplish such results as these. But here are, in the course of four years, no fewer than one hundred and seventy corps and eight hundred and thirty soldiers, in every one of which successful attempts to bring about such wonders are being made all the year round, under the superintendence of five hundred and twenty persons, whose lives are given up to the work, and who have absolutely nothing to gain but just these results by continuing in it. Never has the Army been more honestly judged, or more outspokenly described, than in the Roman Catholic city of Montreal, where a Catholic paper, in commenting on a desperate attack made upon our soldiers, said: 'They have made the name of God ring in ears that never heard it before. They have carried the spirit of faith to the very threshold of those who would not put themselves out of the way to look for it. They have consoled the suffering, reformed the culprit, converted souls which, had it not been for them, would have been known that there was such a thing as a future for which one ought to prepare.'"

(To be continued.)

Fear and doubt give God the lie.

The Christian who fears to be spent for Christ is a candle unwilling to be lighted.

## WANTED, HELP!

"Ask them to help me." These words were spoken by a young man of twenty-one years of age, who had spent his life for selfish interests, and rejected Christ.

Only six days before, we were called in to see him. We found him able to walk about the floor, but dying with rapid consumption. When asked by the Bishop whether he was converted, he replied, "No." We urged him to give himself to God, and kneeling together—a little group of Salvationists—we earnestly prayed for him, while he in true repentance and humility gave himself to God. He arose from his knees with the assurance that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven him. We visited him daily after this, and found him sinking very fast.

One Saturday afternoon we were sitting in his room, and he whispered to his brother, on whose arm his head was resting, "Ask them to help me." Thank God, we were in a position to ask the Friend that stoicest closer than a brother, to pilot him safely over the river, and two hours later he passed away to be with Jesus.

I have been thinking a great deal about the word "Help," since that young man asked for it, and have prayed again and again that God would make me a help to someone. I feel that there is no thing the world needs at the present time it is help, and how few there are who are willing to give their lives to rescue poor down-trodden souls from a life of misery and never-ending sorrow.

If a man is drowning in a harbor, does he want someone to stand on the wharf and teach him how to swim? No, he wants help.

Men and women are sinking under the waves of sin all round us, and going down to rise no more. They need, not our advice, but our help.

Oh, for men and women consecrated to the will of God, and filled with the Holy Ghost, who will help to save the world.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world."—T. McWilliams, Capt.

## The W.O.P. Soul-Saving Troupe.

The following are the facts and figures of the West Ontario Soul-Saving Troupe's winter campaign:

Corps Visited .....	15
Open-Air Held .....	197
People Present .....	2,927
Afternoon Meetings Held .....	73
People Present .....	1,322
Indoor Meetings Held .....	2,022
People Present .....	769
Hours Spent in Visitation .....	2,127
Houses Visited .....	1,234
Houses Read and Prayed in .....	508
Junior Meetings Held .....	272
Juniors Present .....	98
Seniors Present .....	95
Sanctified .....	465
Juniors Saved .....	129
Making a Total at the Pentecost Form of .....	97
Seniors Enrolled .....	61
Of These Saved in the Special Meetings .....	49
Total Income of Social and Col. Lectures .....	\$167.02

All glory be to God!—W. Orchard, Adj.

### THANKS.

Capt. Cox, of Sherbrooke, wishes to express his thanks for all the kind letters of sympathy and friendship which he has received from many Staff and Field Officers throughout the Territory on the occasion of his recent bereavement in the promotion of his dear wife.

## What They are Saved from Down "Whitechapel Way."

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

THE twilight of an English autumn evening was gathering in deepest shadows as I started out from Clapton Square. I was accompanied by a member of Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Staff, and my mission was a visit to Whitechapel Shelter for Women. Those who love and owe a debt of gratitude to spiritual blessings and uplift to the Salvation Army, its revered General, may imagine my feelings, as on board a tram, we passed out of Clapton down Mare Street, through Hackney, to the spot famous as the birthplace of the Army. Conflicting emotions stir my heart as Millie Shaw came into view, and a mental picture of a brave man, with a mere handful of followers, his head bared to the breeze, lifting his voice, and there lay the foundation for a great movement that has spread around the world, passed before me. I could imagine the style of the class composing his crowd, as, a few minutes later, I stood in Finsbury Park, Whitechapel, in the reserved General's Shelter, waiting for admission. There was some little altercation between some of the women who waited their turn to be admitted. They were disputing as to the number of pennies they had earned that day, and what they should do with them.

Seeing two officers in the midst of this little group, a crowd gathered, and in a few minutes the street was filled with an eager, expectant multitude, and we could have easily conducted on impromptu open-air meeting.

### A Characteristic Crowd.

And such a crowd! Such a motley sea of faces, scarred, and bruised, and dispirited, ragged and wretched, old and young, ill-dressed, and ill-nourished, and every-where, pushing and jostling each other in their curiosity and eagerness to get nearer to us—difficult to imagine such a crowd in fair, well-fed, well-clothed Canada, but it was just such a vision of sin, sorrow, and need as faced the General over thirty years ago, and inspired his burning words of hope for the hopeless, and salvation for all through Jesus our Saviour.

At the Shelter, a sight of the pitiable wreckage of womanhood and misfortune met me that will never be obliterated from my memory. The officer who conducted me through, in the absence of Brigadier Bowen, who is in charge, carefully explained that there was accommodation for over three hundred women, and that the place was crowded nightly with women, besides a number of children who were only housed at the General's Army's roof. The women paid a few halfpence for their bed, and in the morning went out again to earn sufficient for the day's needs.

As I passed through the dormitories I saw that each thing was spotlessly clean, and felt that it itself must be a sermon in Whitechapel!

The Adjutant had been conducting the usual evening service when we entered, and before we reached the place we visited a large sitting-room furnished with plain benches, where between two and three hundred of the poorest and most wretched of London's womanhood—hard-faced, and ill-nourished—were crowded sitting. They were of all ages, with some tottering on death's precipice, and from all grades of social declension, many brows being furrowed with the marks of years of sorrow. Many of them had miserable little bundles wrapped up in dirty paper, and tied with dirtier ends of string. In the eyes of many a new light shone, witnessing to the power and transforming grace of God. I told the officers who conducted us over the building, "I wish you would request them to sing." I heard them singing at the regular service, which is held every evening at eight o'clock. The most touching incident took place. The Adjutant repeated my desire to them, and they immediately commenced to sing. "There is a better world, they say, oh, so bright and clean, they all sang it heartily, earnestly, many of them sweetly, the many poor, ragged little ones with their mothers joining in with shrill childish voices,

clapping their puny, bony hands as an accompaniment.

My heart was moved deeply, and I had difficulty in restraining the tears. Such a picture of poverty they represented, and yet they could sing so brightly. I thanked them in a few words for their singing, and said I would remember them on my three thousand miles' journey across the wide sea. The poor things swayed their bodies to and fro in sympathy, and many exclaimed, "God go with you!" "God bless you!" It seems that in the heart of the most depraved and benighted there is a tender spot that may be reached by a kind word of consideration and sympathy.

—X—

As I passed out into the darkness of the night, and through the earth-thickened crowd who rushed on, toiled-headed and unkempt, among the vendors and hawkers, typical of this district, out into the heaving, throbbing life of the world's great metropolis, in my heart was born a

## "Love, Marriage, and Home."



Being Part II. of the General's Important  
Work on "Religion for Every Day."

### A REVIEW.

Some few weeks back it was our privilege to bring under the notice of our readers the first part of "Religion for Every Day"—a volume crowded with mature wisdom which in the outcome of our beloved General's long and wonderful experience of things human and Divine, and for which we predict a useful and lasting destiny. With the second volume before me, I boldly venture on the widening of that strong assertion so as to include this latter arrival, which is a book of equal size and similar fashion to the first, and with contents as charming as the most sanguine conception of its title might lead one to suppose. Throughout its clear-type pages, we run fascinating biographical glimpses of the almost ideal relations which existed between the author and the noble woman who was for so many years his life's partner, and these

#### Shed a Romance

and an interest than which no work of fiction could possess a stronger.

The subjects dealt with are of so delicate a nature that few could have handled them efficiently; and ever granted the necessary skill in this direction, the qualities of observation and penetration which characterize the General's pen have been lacking. Here are displayed something like a perfect combination of tact and knowledge, tender sympathy but inflexible rectitude, the purest sentiment and the keepest common-sense. Should any person with a turn for criticism doubt the necessity for special guidance on matters which are usually considered to be so much part and parcel of human nature, let him only read that one first to look into him and observe the ill-starred matrimonial alliances so common around us, and then to carefully peruse "Love, Marriage, and Home," with the actual state of things definitely fixed in the mind.

#### The Opening Chapter

deals with Courtship—most interesting and most appropriate of beginning. The General makes this appear no light-headed business:—

"I have watched many young people make piteous misery for those connected with them, upon their own lives, and sacrifice their health and good usefulness, by foolish or unsanctified engagements. If the backsliders of the land, who have made shipwreck of faith by early, irregular,

great pity such as I had never experienced before, and, as I glanced at the many men whose faces bore the stamp of depravity and evil, I shuddered, remarking to my companion, 'Oh, that I could bring a plague like that temptations these women are saved from!'

This thought ran through my mind as we retraced our steps through the historic mass of people, and, as the tram bore us quickly away from this strange spot, dear (as the Army's birthplace) to every lover of the Salvation Army. How often has the thought come back to me since that day last summer, just prior to leaving the Old Land! Oh, the snares, the pitfalls, the traps that are set for the unwary feet of poor, frail, despairing, weak, helpless womanhood of this class!

If we can realize their temptations we can form some estimation of what such institutions as the one I have written of, mean to the homeless poor and great cities. The arms of love and shelter enfold them through the hours of darkness, when the enemy is stalking about with ravenous hunger seeking for prey. The otherwise victims are shielded from the wickedness of their surroundings, and the Homes scattered throughout this and every land, they hear of One who will save from sin and take from their natures all that responds to the evil influences within.

Wife." They are among the most forcible in the book. On the right view of the subject what

### Happiness is at Stake!

Could anything be better put than this?—

"Much of the love, in the married life of many, dies of starvation—anyway, from neglect. If you cultivate it, you will have an abundant harvest: if you do it violently, or leave it untended, thorns will choke it, and it will probably utterly perish."

Or more beautiful than the following:

"I loved my bride before I took her to the altar; but I loved her more, and derived more happiness from my love, twenty years after that sacred event, than I did before."

The husband's privileges and duties are considered at length, and find a counterpart in a description of the duties which wives owe to their husbands. With deep insight, sincerity and justice, the General has looked at matters so vital, and his conclusions are worthy alike of his heart and his head. I will not attempt an analysis; these pages must be read as they stand.

The husband will touch the host chords in most natures. Its tremendous importance is vividly shown, its temporal and spiritual welfare regarded, and valuable advice tendered concerning it.

"All who are responsible for the well-being of home, should enquire, before they attempt its establishment, and often pause after it has come into existence, to ask the question, 'How can we make home better answer to God's ideal?'

In the "Training of Children" is embodied counsel of a truly helpful kind. The General speaks as an expert, and every parent ought to read what is said on the burning topic of "Education."

To sum up, I would say: Give "Religion for Every Day" a prominent place on your book-shelf, and put its title in glowing colors. I write this to Salvationists in particular, but to everybody in general.

### Saved in the Prison Cell.

The following extract is taken from a letter sent to the Editor by an inmate of the Central Prison, Toronto, who was saved recently through the efforts of the Army.

I asked myself the question: How can I get saved, who had committed the most atrocious crimes, and who has indulged in the most degrading sins that have ever been committed by mankind, how could I fall upon my knees and ask forgiveness? It would be of no use; I was too far gone, and God would not forgive me. Being a Roman Catholic, I went to my priest and told him all of my sins. He granted me forgiveness, but was I forgiven? No, a thousand times no! What could I do? I lived for two days longer in that position of suspense. God was striving with me during that time. At last I stopped and thought for the first time of the truth dawned upon me that God would forgive me. I fell upon my knees and cried with my whole soul, 'O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!' When I arose, my knees were saved. I believed, and I was saved; no longer being in despair, for I was following a light, it was the Light of the World, Jesus.—One of the Central Prison Boys.

### BEWARE!

Officers and soldiers are warned to beware of a man who, under the name of the New Light (Father), has presented himself at various camps in West Ontario at the penitentiary and endeavored to become a soldier. He has disappeared from two places. At last, leaving a trail of scandal behind, has been seen in Quebec, and Dresden, also Stratford, and just recently left Chatham.

Service is the best kind of freedom. Faith alone lifts the fog of the future.

Endeavor counts for more than essays.







## United States.

Someone broke into the quarters at Honolulu and stole \$40. An unsave sailor boy heard of it and handed the Captain \$50 to make up the loss.

Major Ludgate returned to New York in time for the congress, and is said to feel considerably refreshed for his brief tour in England.

The Army's penny ice wagons are doing good work among the poor of New York City. Five wagons are now in constant use.

A lady, who was returning from the Hawaiian Islands on the S.S. Alameda, took up a collection at one of the Social gatherings on the boat for the work of the Army. She succeeded in getting \$25 for the Food and Shelter work in San Francisco.

The Home of Rest, near New York, has been set aside for the summer for the reception of poor children and their mothers from the city. They will receive a fortnight's board and lodging and sea-bathing. Major and Mrs. Kimball are the officers in charge. A fresh-air camp will also be opened in Kansas City, U.S.A., for the summer.

The janitor of our Pacific Coast Province Headquarters is a converted Russian. He is an earnest Salvationist of six years' standing.

Commander Booth-Tucker, by request, addressed the Baptist ministers of New York City recently. His congregation was both sympathetic and congratulatory.

## Great Britain.

Special interest is attached to the General's coming Sunday in London, on the 15th of June, in the Queen's Hall.

Near our Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh, Essex, is a fine old mansion, standing in its own grounds of sixteen acres. This house has been taken, altered, and adapted to all the Government requirements of an Inebriate's Home. There is excellent accommodation for twenty-six men. The bedrooms are large, light, and lofty, and the whole atmosphere of the house cheerful and bracing. The kitchen is well equipped, and the dietary that of an abundant and properly-ordered middle-class table. Friends of the inmates are permitted to visit freely. The Home is surrounded with trees and pine plantations, and has spacious fruit and flower gardens.

## South Africa.

Two new song books are in the making at our Cape Town Headquarters: One in English and the other in the Amaxosa language.

A Military Leaguer in one of the South African blockhouses is determined to let none of his comrades in the various columns go past without their knowing that a Salvationist is quartered there. He keeps the blood-and-fire flag flying from the blockhouse.

Our Rondebosch Social Farm (Cape Colony) has been vastly improved during the last twelve months, striking evidence of which will be seen in the fact that at a recent agricultural show the officer in charge (Major Lotz) took thirty-eight prizes in all—sixteen firsts, fourteen seconds, and eight

thirds. They have just succeeded in striking water on the Farm estate at a depth of 128 feet. The bore gives up to thirty thousand gallons per day.

## Iceland.

Staff-Capt. Boelsen, of Iceland, has been holding some successful open-



## Canadian Clippings.

Mrs. Labranche, a Montreal woman, was overtaken by a train on a bridge. She managed to avoid the train by clinging to a post, but died from fright.

The steamer Winifredina has arrived at Cape Town with Canadian Mounted Rifles on board.

A bear weighing 150 pounds was shot in Thornbury.

Two men were killed by the collapse of a railway bridge at Maniota, Man., and six others were injured.

Six men were seriously injured by the collapse of a bridge on the Brednard, Man., line of the C.P.R.

Immigration returns of Manitoba, for the month of May, show that the total number of new settlers registered during the month was 10,652. It is estimated that there is fully an addition of 10 per cent. who never registered, and this would bring the total for the month to upwards of 13,000. Dominion land office entries throughout the West during May, with several offices yet to be heard from, totalled 1,692, as compared with 817 entries in May last year.

The dispute between the Toronto Street Railway Company and its employees, regarding recognition of the union and a new wage-scale, has become acute, and a strike may result.

The Clergue Steel Rail Works, at Saint Ste. Marie, has plenty of orders and will increase the capacity to 600 tons a day.

Lord Strathcona has given \$20,000 to the aged and infirm ministers' fund of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. John Clark, while drilling for water on the farm of Mr. William Nash on the mountain, Barton Township, struck a flow of gas, which is gradually increasing in volume.

Canadian Pacific Railway trackmen in most of the divisions, will receive an increase of about 15 per cent. in their pay as a result of the arbitration.

Fifty clerks in the Census Bureau at Ottawa have been discharged.

A new scale of postage rates on all classes except letters comes into effect on July 1st.

Thirty-four new post offices were opened on June 1st.

## South African Findings.

A proclamation has been issued substituting at tax of 10 per cent. net on the profits of mining operations for the 5 per cent. that was imposed by the late Volksraad.

One of the first signs of the era of peace in South Africa is the removal of the barbed-wire fences between the blockhouses, which is going on everywhere. These rolls of wire will doubtless be given at a valuation to the Boers to replace their fences.

also. The police tried to obstruct him at first, but he is persevering. It was estimated that two thousand people stood around one of these meetings on a Sunday.

## Italy.

Brigadier Minnie Reid, the plucky leader of the Army's work in Italy, is now on her way to London on Territorial business.

## West Indies.

Well done, Jamaica! Last year its Self-Denial amounted to \$2,500. Commissioner Cadman cables that this year it is \$3,250.

## American Newslets.

Nine farm houses were destroyed and ten persons killed by a tornado in Minnesota.

A bill for the construction of a dam across the St. Lawrence River, from Adams Island, in Canadian Territory, to Les Galops Island, in United States territory was passed in the Senate at Washington.

At Pawtucket, R.I., a street car filled with Deputy Sheriffs, and escorted by cavalry, was stoned by a mob. The Deputyes, three and seriously wounded a twelve-year-old boy.

Earthquake shocks were felt at Newport, Oregon.

Immigration Inspector Samuel Bipler arrested twenty-two French-Canadians at Morristown, N.J., on a charge of working in violation of the labor contract law.

Senator Ekins of the United States is moving to annex Cuba.

Oil may supplant coal for fuel in the United States navy.

## International Items.

The German Atlantic Cable Company has decided to lay another cable from Germany to the United States.

Sidi Ali, Bey of Tunis, is dead.

Mussolini, the notorious Italian brigand, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

A report from Constantinople states that Arabs have answered a caravan of wealthy merchants in the desert near Koweyt. Only twenty of five hundred escaped.

M. Jaures, a Socialist member of the French Chamber of Deputies, urged the Government to reduce the standing army.

The rebel force which has been investing Kweilin, capital of the southern Province of Kwangsi, China, has been defeated by the imperial troops.

The famine in Siberia is spreading with increasing rapidity. Reports from Irkutsk show that an enormous number of famine-stricken people are flocking to that city. They are camped in the open, without shelter of any kind, are clad in rags, and are dependent entirely on private charity, which is quite inadequate to cope with the distress.

France is building twenty submarine boats of the new Baron type.

The trial of Colonel Grimm, of the Russian army, has ended. Colonel Grimm was sentenced to be deprived of all rights, and imprisonment at hard labor for twenty years.

General Tcheretkoff, the Governor of Waraw, in consequence of the reports made to him by the police of preparations for a rising in the kingdom of Poland, is making a tour of inspection among the principal towns of that country, and is supposed to be not being prepared for the Polish population, but by some of the Russian troops stationed in Poland, among whom a revolutionary propaganda has for some time been very active.

It is reported that extraordinary measures are being taken by the police in Vienna to ensure the safety of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The reason of this is that information has reached the police that some Italian Anarchists have conspired against his life.

## THE COLONY IN THE EAST.

(By wire.)

The Eastern Province extended to Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, our worthy Chief Secretary, a most hearty and enthusiastic welcome. The meetings at Fredericton were all that could be desired. The subjects were well chosen, the truths went home, resulting in twelve souls for the Master. St. John surpassed highest expectations, eight souls in the fountain. So much are they loved by the Easterners that the Provincial Officer had to tear them away from the soldiers in return to catch the train for North Sydney. Anticipations run high for their return visit.—Brigadier Sharp.

A Royal Commission will be appointed to enquire into the South African war.

General DeWet says the youngsters were his best fighters, and frequently held positions after the older burghers had cleared out.

An extraordinary issue of the Official Gazette fixes July 10th as the limit in which Boers or rebels who surrender will receive the benefit of the peace terms. All rebels surrendering before that date will be merely disfranchised for life, and will not be subject to trial or punishment. Exception is made in the case of Field Cornets and Justices of the Peace, who may be tried and fined or imprisoned, but will not be executed. Rebels who hold out after July 10th will be subject to the extreme penalty for high treason.

A heavy snowstorm fell at Middelburg, Cape Colony, for the first time in sixteen years. Trains were blocked and telegraph wires were down.

Cape Town will present Lord Kitchener with a sword.

The South African British and Colonial Industrial Exhibition will open in Cape Town in November, 1903.

Thousands of sheep have perished during the recent unprecedentedly severe cold and winter storms in Cape Colony.

## British Empire Briefs.

Heavy rains have fallen throughout Australia, relieving the terrible drought from which the country was suffering.

Col. Lynch, M.P. for Galway, was arrested on landing at Newhaven, Eng., on a charge of high treason.

The grain tax clause of the Budget passed the committee stage in the House of Commons by 279 to 193 votes.

A despatch from Bombay says the monsoon has burst.

Fire at Plymouth destroyed the finest business block. The loss is £200,000.

The King is confined to his room from lumbago, caused by a chill.

The King reviewed 13,000 members of the Boys' Brigades of various churches at London.

King Edward held a special court at Buckingham Palace for the reception of addresses from the Lord Mayor, Sir Joseph C. Bimdale, and the corporation, and from the London County Council, congratulating His Majesty on the restoration of peace. The King took the occasion to express his sentiments on the subject more fully than heretofore, and the faculty recognition which he made of the sterling qualities of the Boers will doubtless materially aid in the work of appeasement in South Africa.

The King traveled to Windsor by motor car, accompanied by the Queen, then setting at rest the rumors regarding the nature of his recent indisposition.

# Sad Experiences OF A BACKSLIDER.

Led on by the Devil Step by Step—  
Reclaimed in the Central Prison,  
and is now Doing Well.

## Central Prison.

Dear Old War Cry—

I thought a letter from me would be acceptable to the Cry, and might be the means, in the hands of the Master, of bringing souls to Christ. I know of nothing that may, in His hands, be of more use than a brief resume of my own life. I was born in Central New York, in 1848. My father was one of God's saints, who gave me an education with the hope and prayer that if it was God's will I should follow in his footsteps and become a minister of the Gospel which he had preached for fifty years.

I had a sweet, precious, praying mother, who, from my earliest remembrance, lulled into my mind the love of Jesus. In the latter part of 1861, I enlisted and went out as a drummer boy in the Union Army. Being a little fellow, and only a boy, I soon became the pet of the regiment, and the boys I met thought I grew fun to entice me to drink liquor, and would laugh at the queer fash I would make in drinking it. As a result, after three years and six months' service, I came back with a head full of liquor. I came back to my dear Christian parents and sisters with an appetite for strong drink, which has been the curse of my life.

Soon after I married a lovely Christian girl, and God blessed our home with four little ones. I obtained a position as City Reporter on the N. Y. Sun, and was afterwards appointed Traveling Correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, Philadelphia, and St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and we were very happy in our little home; but the husband and father had not taken God into his life, and I think has had to pass through such a furnace of affliction as few mortals are ever called upon to endure before he would yield to the voice of Jesus. I drank moderately at first—one of your call it-or-let-it-alone fellows. God laid His hand upon me, and took, in quick succession, my little boy, and then my little girl, and then I went from bad to worse. I wouldn't hear the entreaties of my dear ones, wouldn't listen to the voice of God, and went on in the course of a drunkard.

## Over a Mother's Tears.

Over a father's prayers, over a wife's breaking heart, and, worst of all, trampling the precious blood of Jesus under my unshod feet, I then lost my position through my own conduct, and while on a protracted spree in the city of San Francisco, received a telegram that father was dying. I went home in great haste, and found father that I would be good and meet him in heaven. Then and there I gave my heart to Jesus, and soon after gave my little all to Him in complete consecration.

On looking about for the most useful field, I selected the Salvation Army, offered my services, and was advanced to a high position in that blessed service. I spent

## Three Happy Years

out of an otherwise misspent life winning souls for Jesus. Oh, how sweetly and lovingly He kept me! Then, however, I grew proud, and ceased trusting Jesus. I watched men and trusted too much to them. As a result I lost my religion, and from that time have been getting worse and worse, until the devil had almost convinced me there was no salvation for me. I tried everything—gold cure, pledges, temperance societies, and so forth—with no effect, until at last I landed myself in debt for my sins. Here I met Salvationists and other Christians, who took a special interest in me. God bless the Army officers, and when they get to glory, and their crowns are given to them, and down in one of our commonest of lights, they see a little woe star, they'll know it is me.

Like the prodigal of old, I came

back to Father's house, and, bless His name, He took me in.

A few days more and I shall be a free man, not only free from prison bars, but free in Christ Jesus.

God bless you, Editor. Pray for me. I am going all the way through and will not stop this side of heaven.

F. L. C., Central Prison.

## Had No Trousers.

A Man Went to Bed at Joe Beef's, and Had to Stay There.

A man called at "Joe Beef's," the Salvation Army boarding-house on the wharf, the other evening, and asked for a room and bed. He was accommodated. Next morning he was called at the time when everybody is required to get up, and he was asked, by saying that he had no trousers, and could not get up until he was provided with a pair. When it was remarked that he was fully clothed when he entered the establishment, and he was asked, for an explanation, he stated that the pair of overalls he wore when he arrived at the place belonged to another man, who also lodged there. His friend had need of them at a certain time, and called and taken them away, leaving him with none.

Ensign Parsons then commenced a search for a pair of the necessary articles, and with some difficulty got him a pair. The Ensign states that he has had an experience of the demand for men's garments this spring, and his "leading wardrobe" is now empty. He would be glad if any charitably disposed persons, having old garments to be sold, would loan him some of them. Address Ensign Parsons, "Joe Beef's" Shelter, 13 Common Street, Montreal. Telephone Main 1444.

## EASTERN HARVESTERS.

I was telling you about the big times at Campbellton. We got up early and left this place on that fast train across the people's farms, come right past the fields I used to plough and harrow. By day's end I found the man we thought we lost on the railroad. We seen a lot of Salvationists at Newcastle when we was comen through. Miss Lebana and Miss Holden, the officers, was there at the station. Mrs. McElheney joined us here, and she was full of joy over the good times they had at Newcastle while we was at Campbellton. She told about the brass band, what got saved just two or three nights before, been out on the army march. We got along fine, and when the conductor said, "Moncton, change cars," we seen Capt. Smith on the platform, smilen all over. Staff-Capt. Howell, the musical man, from the Army hall office at St. John, was at Moncton that night, and what a time we had! Adjt. Byers was very kind, and kept us over night, then we started the next mornen for Hillsboro. By day's end we was at Salabro Junction, and there was another train waitin' to take us to Hillsboro. Here we had to say goodbye to Mrs. McElheney for a while, as she had to get through to St. John. I will write her next time. She is about the best I ever seen for worken for souls and cheeren people up. We all pray that she may be a great blessing while at St. John.

Hillsboro is a little town. Capt. Morthough, who is in charge of the Army work in this place, met us at the station, and we started off for the Army quarters. It is a long walk, but there is a church, and a school, and it's wide enough for a big man, with a valise in each hand to walk on. Lieut. Fraser had a good dinner prepared for us, and we soon felt quite at home.

## The Devil Knocken Round There.

They told us the devil was still knocken round Hillsboro, so we started off for our right old home. We went, and we had some wonderful times. The music and singen took fine in the open-air, and night after night the barracks was packed out. On Monday night Brigadier Sharp and Capt. Fleming was with us. They had a long drive from Moncton on a wagon, and arrived at the barracks shortly after the meeten begun, and the crowd stood

up clappen their hands as they came in. The singen of Capt. Fleming took fine, and the powerful light from the Brigadier's light to every heart. Hillsboro shall long feel the effects of their visit. Then we went right on tellen the truth and worken for souls, and God rewarded us in our work. Saturday night, Sunday was a grand time. We fought it out with Old Squarefoot, and got the victory.

On our last Monday night here, Adjt. Byers, Capt. Smith, and about twenty-five of the Moncton comrades, arrived at Hillsboro in five teams. What a stir they made! Some of the people thought the whole Army was laid loose, and in spite of the heavy rain and red-coats gone round on horses, we had a grand time in the open-air, and a pretty lively time inside. The Adjutant spoke very highly of the troupe's work since comen into his District.

## The Musical Blizzard.

Next came our wind-up and musical blizzard on Tuesday night. We were full up, and had a great time. We rattled off the music for about an hour, then the Ensign spoke very powerfully of the Army's teachings, especially baptism. A good many eyes were opened that night, and we believe they shall not soon forget the meeting. God was with us, and four young men knelt at the cross and found Christ.

Some of the results of the meetings are eight souls saved, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five indoor attendance, one hundred and seven open-air attendance, and about six hundred average of the troupe's soldiers, though few rallied to our help, and God blessed them, and the officers did all in their power to make our stay comfortable and a success. They are done well at Hillsboro, and we believe they will do well in their efforts. We thank the officers, soldiers, and friends of Parrsboro for all their kindness to us.—Farmer Tom.

## Self-Denial in Halifax District.

At Halifax I, the S.-D. Target was \$490. Our plans were laid, the Adjutant took the bridge, and started all the comrades at work, and what a rejoicing there was when it was announced, two Sundays after, that the target was reached with ten dollars to spare!

The target for Halifax II was \$140. Capt. and Mrs. Jones, recently arrived from the Sea-Girt Isle, are the officers in charge. This is the Captain's first special financial railway embassy, the help of the local people he did not come short.

Capt. McEachern and Lieut. McKim are in charge of Halifax IV. This is a new opening, but they are believers in Self-Denial, and expect their officers reach the target of \$50.

Ensign and Mrs. Carter are the preening elders at Dartmouth. We were delighted to hear from them that their target of \$111 was reached.

We next took a trip on the A. R. to Windsor, and were met by Ensign Larder. The Ensign and Capt. Long are determined to reach their target of \$125.

We pass on up the valley and stop at the seat of war, Kentville. Here we found Capt. Wyatt and her braves. Their target of \$75 is an accomplished fact, and they have had enough experience to suit a book. What with getting into a railway embassy, being driven from a train, lost in a village, astray in a graveyard, it is a wonder that they are left to tell the tale.

A few miles up the country and we arrive at Canning, and behold, even here they have reached their target of \$25, and Capt. Chandler declares that she could have doubled it, only there was a six-dollar debt facing her, and she wanted to clear it off.

After a short stay at Canning, we reached Middleton, where we changed cars for Lunenburg, and arrived there at 6:25 p.m. to find Capt. Tatem and Lieut. Tatem, stating that their \$35 target was safe, and they were able to hoist the flag to the top of the mast.

Coming back over the line about fifteen miles, the beautiful town of Bridgewater was reached. We inquired of Lieut. Vaudin, the officer in charge, how Self-Denial was going, and she declared that victory was sure. This little band have some grit about them!

We took the stage-coach here, and crossed the country to Liverpool, where Captain Morthough and Lieut. Clark are stationed. They told us their target of \$45 was a heavy one, being \$15 more than last year, but they went over that.

From here we returned home, made up our books, and found our District target of \$1,140 was an accomplished fact.—G. H. Dowell, D.O.

## Promoted to Glory.

### SHE HAD NO FEAR.

Ray Roberts.—Again it falls to our lot to report the death of one of our comrades. This time our much-loved J. S. Sergt.-Major has been taken from us. Mrs. Hayse has, for several years, endeavored to do her best to lead the children into the path of right, and her many efforts will ever live in the hearts of many of them. On Friday last we laid her to rest. Many soldiers and friends turned out to pay their last tribute of respect to our beloved comrade. She leaves a husband and a family of children to mourn their loss. The eldest is an accepted Candidate, and the second is a Corps-Cadet, the youngest child being only eight months old. For about seven months, our sister has been confined to her home, and until the last she hoped her life might be spared for her children's sake. When visiting her, we always found her with full confidence in God, and she was never heard to express a word of dying. Just before passing away she asked Mrs. Hancock to sing that chorus, "I've Jesus, Jesus only," and she joined in the precious words.

At the memorial service, Many of the comrades spoke of the blessing received through the life of our sister, and many of the unsaved were moved to tears. May God comfort the bereaved.—E. H.

### DEATH HAD NO STING.

North Head, N.B.—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"—1 Cor. xv. 55.

We were once more brought face to face with the realities of death when a telegram was received from Parrsboro that our beloved comrade, Rachel Dabell, had gone to heaven. Rachel had been converted for about two years, and was not afraid to die. When asked by the doctor and those around her if she feared death, she smiled and said, "No, I am going to heaven." Death had no sting, the grave had no terror for her.

Her remains were brought home, and we laid her to rest on June 6th, with all Army and Navy friends. The Rev. J. S. Secretary of this corps, said to me, on hearing of her dear sister's death, "Oh, Captain, it will make heaven all the sweeter to us now, to know that we have someone there waiting for us."

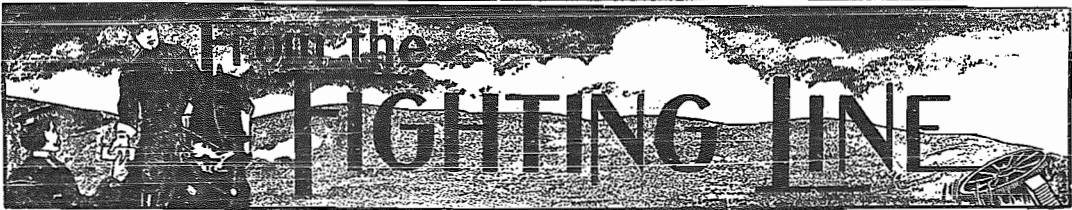
Someone to call us from earth away, Someone beckon us to the Master say, "Enter, thou hast well done."

Someone to bloom in the Land of Love, Around the Saviour's throne; A darling's hand stretched out from

To give us a welcome home.—Capt. L. Richardson.

### Determined to Win.

Neison.—Ensign Scott, Capt. Charlton, and Treas. Mrs. Brown have gone to surrounding villages to collect for Self-Denial. The two latter brought home \$26 from Cranbrook after all their expenses were paid. Ensign Scott expects to be away one week. Mrs. Frost is left in charge of the work here, and, like a good soldier, is always ready to do anything for the advancement of the cause. She will soon be leaving us for Spokane, and we shall miss her much. May God bless her.—White Wings.



#### Five Sought Pardon.

Arnold's Cove.—God is still reviving His work in this part of the vineyard. Since last report five souls have sought pardon through the blood, and on Wednesday night two were enrolled under the flag. We are very sorry to lose the Lieutenant, who is about to farewell. She has been a great blessing to us, and we pray that God will bless her wherever she goes.—C. W. S. M. Green.

#### Holst the Flag to the Top.

Blenheim.—Lieut. Murray, with the aid of his ward workers, was enabled to hoist the Self-Denial flag to the top of the mast. The Lieutenant and his comrades did nobly, from the highest to the lowest collector. The writer was the champion collector, bringing in the sum of \$21. Two donations of twenty-five cents each were also received for War Crys. We had good meetings on Sunday.—Ina Groom.

#### Special Program.

Brooklyn.—A special program was given on Monday to a good crowd of people. Adjt. Savage filled the chair well. "D. O." Brant was also present. Ice cream was served at the close. We are determined to go forward.—J. MacNeill.

#### Blessings Through Self-Denial.

Burk's Falls.—We were successful in raising our Self-Denial target, and going \$25 over. The comrades worked hard and faithfully, and can all testify to blessings received in collecting for the first time for Self-Denial. May God bless them. Quite recently six sought the blessing of a clean heart. It was a beautiful sight. Yesterday we had a good day, commencing with a rousing knee-drill, and one brother for salvation. At night the hall was filled, and we wound up with three precious souls in the fountain. May God keep them true.—E. M.

#### Return of the Troupe.

Campbellton.—God is blessing us wonderfully. We have had a return visit of the Soul-Saving Troupe. Adjt. Byers was also present. The building was packed, and I wish you could have heard the people cheer when the Adjutant called a number of comrades to the front to be enrolled as Salvation soldiers. Tomorrow we will go with joy. We had a commissioning of Sergeants by Adjt. Byers, winding up with three souls for salvation. On Sunday we had a good day, with four souls for salvation.—Sergt. F. E. Berry.

#### Celebrating the Peace.

Charlottetown.—S.D. target again badly marked. It was a hard fight, but we got there. Mrs. Adjt. Creighton collected over \$80. This was one of the victories of peace. We also joined in celebrating the peace in South Africa, by spreading our good flag to the breeze. Capt. Anderson enjoyed a well-earned rest. She took the Sunday night meeting, speaking with great power. Capt. Cairns, of the U. S. war, is here. We have had three souls since last report, one a Scotch sailor, for whom Mrs. Creighton sang, "I cannot help but love Him." The Adjutant has just returned from a week-end at Summerside. Secretary Ellis has assisted twice at Winslow lately. Our next engagements will likely be with the summer-imps.—H.

#### Seven at the Cross.

Dresden.—We had a grand week's victory. Two came to the Lord on Thursday night, and on Sunday night five more knelt at the mercy-seat. One decided to take her stand as a Salvation soldier. Dresden cries are coming right up, and we are believing for more victories.—J. Sharpe.

#### Another Victory.

Halifax I.—Another Self-Denial Week is over. With united effort, hard work, prayer, and faith, we succeeded in going over our target. Praise the Lord! Quite a number of souls have sought the Lord since last report. We are having good crowds, and our open-air meetings are grand.—Treas. Cashin.

#### Eight Soldiers Enrolled.

Halifax IV.—Since the opening of Richmond we are having the presence of the Master. On Sunday Capt. McEachern enrolled eight soldiers under the flag. The soldiers are fighting and are preparing for a big smash in Satan's ranks. He will have to give way before the power of the Holy Ghost. The attendance has been small this week, as a number of people are afraid of the small-pox, which is about here, but we will strive to do our best and put our trust in God.—Sister Mrs. Simmons.

#### Good Open-Air Meetings.

Hamilton II.—We are still on the warpath, and have been successful in landing a few at the Master's feet. Our Self-Denial effort was taken hold of well, with the result that we have raised our target, and managed to get a few dollars over to push the chariot along. Many souls can also record victories and blessings through this Week of Prayer and Self-Denial. God is with us and we believe He is going to help us in our summer's work. We have exceptional opportunities for our open-air work. The people crowd around and listen to the singing and speaking, and show that they appreciate all that is done for their benefit. Last Saturday evening we could not stand at our usual corner on account of sickness near by, so we took our stand at another corner, and had a beautiful time. Sunday was a day of victory, and the meetings were splendid. Some souls desired to be prayed for, and two men remarked that they could not stay away from the meetings and promised to come soon and get saved.—Froide.

#### III we Meet.

Hant's Harbor.—Sunday was the farewell day of our comrades who are leaving for the summer. After working together for some months, it was hard to say good-bye. We had blessed meetings and three brothers sought and found salvation. The glory of God filled our hearts, and we pledged ourselves to be true to God and the flag

till we meet on the other side.—Onlooker.

#### He Wore a Bonnet.

Houlton.—This town was visited by a tremendous fire, and a number of buildings were destroyed. The soldiers caught the fire of the Holy Ghost, and we are having the victory. Our Self-Denial target was reached in spite of the trying circumstances. With God all things are possible. Last night we had a visit from the Woodstock officers and soldiers, and, of course, had a splendid time. The old and new Army was exhibited, Capt. Kirk marching at the front with a bonnet on. The street was thronged. We had a good meeting inside, and everyone says, "Come again, Ensign, with your noble soldiers."—P. L.

#### A Splendid Victory.

Huntsville.—We have gained a glorious victory in our Self-Denial effort. Our target was \$30 and we raised over \$100. The victory is greater when we consider the amount of sickness in town. There was quite a competition between the sisters and brothers. Sergt. Major Mrs. Gunge went \$17 over her target and beat the brothers, and Mrs. Jones, our War Cry Boomer, scored the largest of all. Captain Fivewell, with his band, raised over \$30 serenading. The Juniors also did well. Several souls gave themselves to God, which was best of all.—S. McFarland, R.C.

#### Sin, and its Remedy.

Lewiston.—On Saturday we had a very special meeting, led by Staff-Capt. Taylor, his subject being, "Sin, and its Remedy." Sunday was a day long to be remembered. The meetings were conducted by Mrs. Taylor. Capt. Lacey has gone to Spokane to see his wife, who is very ill. Cadet Eyrn, with his little band of blood-and-fire soldiers, is pushing forward in the cause of Christ.—S. M. Sumpter.

#### The Prodigal came Home.

Little Bay Island.—On Sunday night we had a blessed time. The power of God was felt and at the close we rejoiced over one prodigal returning to the fold. We had a hallelujah wind-up, and closed the meeting by singing, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."—Corps Cadet Emily Oxford.

#### Rejoicing Over Four Souls.

London.—We are pleased to report good meetings on Sunday. We held the first open-air of the season in Victoria Park, and had a good crowd.

At night the barracks was well filled, and as Adjt. Goodwin spoke on "The Way of the Transgressor is Hard," the truth of her words were corroborated in the faces of many of those present, who had bitterly proved for themselves that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Deep conviction was felt, and we had the joy of seeing four penitent souls kneeling at the mercy-seat, one of them being a Junior. We had a hallelujah wind-up at the finish. Sergt. Major Andrews leading off with "The old-time religion is just the thing for me," followed by brothers Sinkins and Smith, who, although our oldest soldiers, are quite young when it comes to rejoicing in the Lord.—Amo Dies.

#### Well Done!

Missoula.—Another glorious financial victory. Our Self-Denial target was \$140, and we realized over \$200. All glory to God! Mrs. Ensign Cummins, I think, is champion, collecting personally over \$120. This is our third financial effort in this town, and each one has been better than the preceding one. There is much practical sympathy towards our work here.—Ensign Cummins.

#### Three Captives Made.

Montreal II.—On Sunday we had a blessed time, and three souls were captured from Satan's ranks. Major Turner and Adjt. Creighton were with us on Tuesday night. We had soldiers' tea and a good meeting after when three sought the blessing of a clean heart. Capt. and Mrs. Crego are working hard, and we mean to stand by them and ally round the dear old flag.—R. H. B.

#### Waged a Good Warfare.

Muskratovetown.—We are doing all we can to pull down the kingdom of His personal Lowness. On Sunday night Capt. Babs made us farewell. She has waged a good warfare during the ten months she has been in command. We were all sorry to part with her, but our Jesus will be someone else's gain. May God bless and prosper her, is our heart-felt prayer.—Well Wisher.

#### Believing for a Revival.

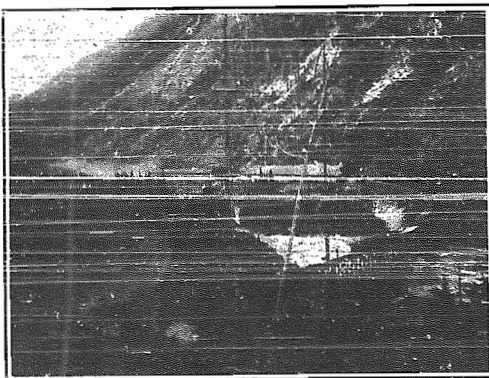
Neepawa.—During the past week God has been blessing us. On Sunday we had good meetings, and God came very near. We are praying and believing for an out-pouring of His Spirit.—A Soldier.

#### Seventeen Souls Set Free.

Ottawa.—The Salvation Army is always to the front in seizing every opportunity for doing good. Such was the case on Victoria Day, when the Ottawa corps had a grand meeting and lemon pie social. A large crowd was present and enjoyed themselves very much, helping us also in a financial way. Capts. O'Neill and Bloss have paid us a short visit, and Capt. Earle, of the Rescue Home has farewelled and gone to assist at London. The Rescue Home Officers, Ensign Hicks and Staff, nobly assist in the battle against sin and the devil. Self-Denial is in full swing. The hant has been serendipitous, and the soldiers collecting to smash our target. God has wonderfully helped us, and we have had the privilege of pointing seventeen sin-captured souls to the Lamb of God since last report.—A. French.

#### God's Power Manifest.

Prescott.—We had grand meetings all day yesterday, from early morning until late at night. The power of God was manifested in our midst, and we were all blessed. The meetings were led by Adjt. Newman. God bless him. Dear Mrs. Newman is not able to be at the front of the battle yet, and we ask the prayers of all God's children for her that she may soon be restored to health.—P. S. M. Barton.



The Loop, Glacier, B.C.

# LETTERS FROM THE GENERAL

## TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

### The Faith that Saves.

My Dear Comrades,—

I have been talking to you in my late letters about the nature and necessity of repentance. I hope you understood my meaning. I am sure you will find the knowledge useful. But you will know also that there is another act of the soul that must be performed before salvation can be realized, and that is faith. Nothing is more frequently insisted upon in the Bible, or more commonly dwelt on in our songs and teachings, than the answer made to the jailor who was convicted through the stinging of Paul and Silas, when he inquired for the way of salvation, and that was "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

#### There Are Different Kinds of Faith.

There is faith in the existence of God; faith in His oversight and care; faith in His presence with us in times of trouble; and faith in His being able to deliver us. There is faith in His co-operation in our work for Him, and there is the faith we exercise in Him, living, dying, and for ever.

I have already written several letters upon one or other of these kinds of faith; to-night I want to say something plain and simple about the faith that brings a poor sinner into the actual enjoyment of the pardoning mercy of God; the faith that makes a man the possessor of the new nature, and enables his Heavenly Father to adopt him into the family of heaven.

This great blessing I hope you enjoy for yourselves, my comrades. You remember well the time when you knelt at His feet and trusted Him, and when He answered that trust by making Himself known to you as your Saviour. Since then you have often sung—

"My Jesus to know, and to feel His blood flow,  
"His life everlasting, 'tis heaven below."

So far, so good; but it is now more important than I can describe, that You Should be Able to Rightly Explain

to every anxious soul that may ask you what he must believe in order to find the same blessed salvation. Let me try and show this—

1. He must believe that he is a sinner needing the mercy of God. Without this conviction that he is wrong and destined to be cast away into hell on account of his sins, there is little or no hope that he will humble himself to seek the forgiveness of God. Until a man believes that he is sick he is not likely to trust himself to the care of the physician.

If you want men to believe in the compassion and mercy of Christ, strive to make them believe in the evil of their own hearts, in the wickedness of their lives, and in the shameful ingratitude of their treatment of the Saviour who died for them. When they see the greatness of their sin they will cry for mercy.

2. He must believe that God means just what He says when He promises him salvation. Unless a man believes that God is really sincere when He declares His willingness to receive and save him if he comes in the way that He has laid down, you will never be able to carry him much further.

#### If the Sinner has any Doubts

on this point, you can easily show him by the sacrifice Jesus Christ has made, and the promise He has given, that He is not only willing but exceedingly anxious to receive and forgive all that will come to Him. If necessary, you must go over this again and again. Be very patient and be very simple. Until the soul comes to believe that God wants to save him he won't be likely to trust Him to do it.

3. He must believe that Jesus died for him on the cross, and that, therefore, he need not die. I am not speaking now of men and women to whom Christ has never been preached. Doubtless multitudes go into heaven through His sacrifice who will never have the name of Christ until they reach the Celestial Land. I am speaking of the souls before whose eyes He has been set forth again and again as crucified for them. One by one they must believe that His blood was actually shed for them upon that tree. They must each be able to say—

"I saw my sins His blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail Him there."

4. He must believe that he comes to God in the very way that God desires. He knows—everyone knows—that there are conditions of salvation and that there is no mercy for any man until those conditions are complied with. It follows, therefore, that no man can believe that God receives and saves him unless he fulfils these conditions. It is, comes to God in the way that He has been pleased to direct.

Now, no one need find it difficult to discover whether he comes in the right way; indeed, he cannot very well come in a wrong way if he is only sincere and comes with all his heart. The plan is so exceedingly simple that a little thought will make this plain to every honest seeker.

#### His Own Heart will Testify

whether he is sorry for the sins of the past, and willing to give them up, to serve God in the future, and to accept mercy.

But if a man knows in his own conscience that there is some evil way to which he clings, or some duty that he is not willing to perform, or some pride that makes him unwilling to submit and cast himself on the mercy of God, he will not be able to believe for the salvation he desires.

5. Having gone so far, if a man is to exercise the faith that saves, he must go on to believe that God does actually receive and does forgive him then and there. Now this sounds very simple and very easy, but many mistakes are

made respecting it. So please bear in mind that—

The exercise of the faith that saves does not mean that the seeker must believe that God has forgiven him. That would not be correct—else why is he still a seeker.

Nor does it mean that the seeker must believe that God will save him in the future. No one can be sure about that, though we can be sure that He stands ready and waiting to forgive at this moment, for now is the accepted time.

The faith that saves, therefore, does not say God has saved me, or God will save me, but it says God does save me.

Now mind, he must believe this. He must believe it, not hope for it, nor desire it, nor feel it, but He is to believe it. The man who exercises saving faith says in his heart, "I am a sinner, deserving wrath. God wants to save me. He has promised me salvation. I believe it. I do come now. I come this moment. I come as well as I can; if I knew any better way to approach Him I would come in that way, and I believe that for the sake of my dear Son, who died for my sins, He receives and saves me now."

#### Queen Alexandra's Religion.

No picture of the Queen's home life would be complete without a reference to its religious side. Strictly brought up in the Lutheran faith, Her Majesty has a deep reverence for spiritual things. Her private little church in Sandringham Park has long been noted to her by many tender memories. In the grave-yard lies her youngest-born, the babe who lived but a day, and in the chancel her eldest son was temporarily laid out as he was taken for burial to Windsor.

#### A Thank-Offering.

In the power which knew her first as a girl-bride, nearly forty years ago, the Queen has sat to receive spiritual comfort on many trying occasions. There, when the King was between life and death, in 1871, she mingled her prayers with those of the rustic congregation for his recovery, and the lectern presented after this period of trial bears the inscription, "A thank-offering from Alexandra. 'When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me.'"

#### Warm Cloaks for the Children.

The service at Sandringham is very simple, the choir being composed of children from the schools of the estate, who are, however, extremely well trained by their mothers. No surplices are worn, but red cloaks are conspicuous in winter, as it has long been the Queen custom to give new red cloaks to the village girls at Christmas.

#### Cordial Hospitality.

One or other of the local clergy is generally invited to dine at Sandringham on Sunday evening, and a preacher from a distance is invariably entertained by their Majesties. The Queen has, throughout the years, been hostess to the most noted divines of the times, and many of these, like Stanley, Wilberforce, and Kingsley, have recorded their impressions of her simple Christian faith.

#### Interested in Mr. Spurgeon's Work.

It may not, however, be quite so well known that the Queen, as Princess of Wales, took a great interest in Mr. Spurgeon and his work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Shortly after coming to the country she drove, with Queen Victoria, one afternoon, to see the Tabernacle, and the roads in the neighborhood being in process of repair, the Royal carriage had to make its way through the devious side streets, and its unlooked-for appearance created some stir amongst the inhabitants—Sarah A. Tooley, in the Christian Endeavor World.

A hard heart is apt to be brittle.

Where thy duties are—should be thy home.

The dove of peace comes in response to prayer.

The religion that does not reach character does not rise with Christ.

Little Effrieda, the Infant Daughter of Brigadier Morn.

#### Fourteen Sought the Lord.

Pilley's Island.—Much of the Spirit has been felt in our midst during the past week. Sunday was a day of blessing, and the power of the Holy Ghost came upon us. In the night meeting many were in tears, some left the meeting wounded, and fourteen came over on the Lord's side. Among the number was an ex-officer. The War Cry is sold out every week. Sergt. Mrs. Blackmore is a hard worker and energetically pushes the sales of the Cry. The soldiers are laying themselves out for a good summer's work for God, and a deepening of their own spiritual experience, which is a good, healthy sign. We are looking for great things in the line of soul-saving. Through God we shall do many wonderful things.—Chas. W. Tilliv.

#### A Very Special Time.

Riverside.—We had a wonderful time on Thursday night. The meeting was conducted by Staff-Capts. Cass and Burditt, Capt. Urquhart, and a host of others. Capt. Urquhart gave a selection on his mouth-organ and violin, and each officer a few words, then Staff-Capt. Burditt spoke with power, and at the close of the meeting one dear sister came to the cross.—C. C. McCarney.

#### A Backslider Reclaimed.

St. John H. N.B.—Our Treasurer has returned from a winter's campaign nicely saved. We have said good-bye to Lieut. Illey, and welcomed Lieut. DeBow. On Sunday afternoon one backslider was reclaimed, and we can report victory in our Self-Denial effort. "Souls for csus," is our motto.—E. Cram, Sec.

#### A Great Cheer.

Watford.—Adl. Kenway conducted the week-end meetings. The Adjutant was a great cheer and blessing to us. Our S.D. has been a glorious victory, and we have succeeded in smashing our target. The fight is hard, but God lives to give us the victory.—E. C.

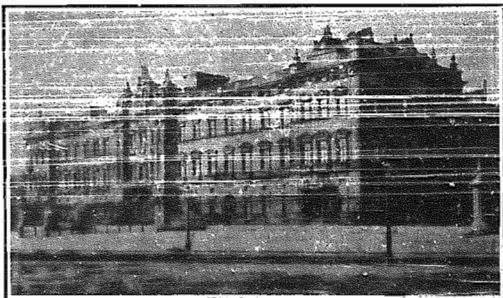
#### Three Found Him.

Woodstock.—We have had some beautiful meetings lately. On Sunday afternoon a number of Christians were present and gave their experience. Last week-end we had Major and Mrs. McMillan and Lieut. Webber, from London, with us. We believe God did speak through them to the hearts of the people. On Sunday night three souls sought the light of the World, and were able to sing, "I found Him, my Jesus." Hallelujah!—Reg. Cor.

The more we look up the less we need to look out for ourselves.

Some of the most precious and beautiful things in the Bible are neither precious nor beautiful to us because we look at them and not into them.

Very many troubles of life are nothing but your weakness. Stand up, and they are gone. They are like gnats, which, while one is still, settle and bite; but rising up and working, the whole swarm fly off, or do but buzz. The moment the man rises they are gone. Thus activity is exemption, and sleep is defeat.



Buckingham Palace, King Edward's London Home.



# A RIFT IN THE FOG.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF AN INCIDENT TYPICAL OF MANY.

**M**Y pretty one! My Bebe! That you and I should have come to this! Knowest thou that thou art without a home, Mignonne? That thou hast no father to hold thee in his arms and look into the dark shadows of thine eyes? Shut away be within their cruel walls, Bebe—walls as cruel and hard as the cold English themselves, who are born without fire in their veins.

"There, little one, hide closer—it is cold—cold—cold—and thou and thy mother is wrapped a cloak—a mantle as of the grave—a smothering cloud of thickness, and sulphur, and gloom, in which we are lost—choked—chilled almost to death. Out! It is as though the spirits of a thousand slanders, of a thousand treacheries and injustices, of a thousand dark schemes of prison and death had risen, had risen to-night and breathed one mighty breath over this grim city, and the city shivers, and chokes, and moans in the dark gloom. Oh, Bebe, Bebe! to what have we come?"

"Mignonne, didst thou remember thine old home in the land of the happy sun? In thy dark eyes is a far-peak, a blue-peak, and the gleaming of the long summer of the South—the skies of blue, of

for thee, and thy mother lies near with a warm place in her heart in which they have planted the sweet flower of hope.

"Bebe, thy father used to tell me there was no God, nor any above who cared for the creatures who trod the wide earth; but these people say it was their God of love who sent them to find us as we froze in the arch; that He knew and cared, and bade the gendarme wake and march us forth. It seemed cruel and hard—the night so cold, and the fog so thick, and I scarce could understand his words as he pushed me towards the little street, and bade me seek a lamp and bell."

"It was murkier than ever down there, Bebe. As I stumbled on, I thought of the river, and how one plunge would bring eternal forgetfulness to thee and me, and then there came a rift in the fog, and I saw the lamp that told of 'Shelter,' and I rang for help. It is almost a dream, little one, but there came light, and fire, and strong arms, and a voice that spoke sweetly of welcome. It all faded away for a little; but I walked to find them nursing you, Mignonne—kind women and true are they—and one held me on her arm, and poured warm soup through my lips, and

Chirped to Me

to look up and take heart again.

The Silver Gleam

of lakes amid the mountains—of the glowing sunset and nights of peace? Oh, Bebe, but my heart breaks to be back!

"How blissful were the days before thy father gave himself to that wicked crew who gambled away that pretty home, who led him to stake—and lose his spotless name to fill their purses, and to save what they called the honor of their club. Was it honor to break the happiness of our home, to shatter our dreams, to force us away to this cold land of sorrow, and want, and loneliness, where thou and I are wandering together? And oh, petite, I am so lonely, despite even thee! None but thou wilt understand my speech, and thou hast no tongue but to babble pretty nothings to thy mother! They stare and laugh, and shake their heads, and pass on, and I cannot even find the prison where they have shut away thy father, Bebe. If we could but find that, and lie down beneath the shadow of its walls, we might not find the world so wild and cold."

"Ah! thou didst weep last night, Mignonne, when the gendarme turned upon us his hell-eye, and bade us up and away. 'Whither?' I asked him, and he said,

'Home.' Home!

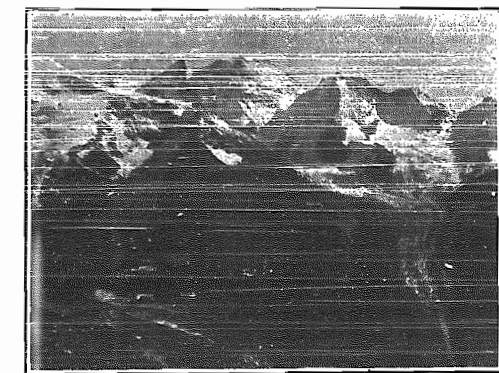
Thou and I have no home—not even a shelter, not a door-step where they will let us all the long night through. Thou shalt not be frightened again to-night, my little shy bird; we have walked and walked all day, and we will walk until the morning comes again.

"I can only hold up so long. Bebe, all will go well, but this fog blinds me; I am dizzy and sick—faint, perhaps, for the yesterday's dinner I had not—and choked, suffocated, and paralyzed. Shut thy pretty one! They would not drop these white there is life in her arms to hold. Just a moment and we will rest here in this arch, and then, on again, and on. Helas! but I am tired to the very death as my head splits, and the solid earth seems to spin like a top. Bebe, I am spent. It may be that we shall just lie here and freeze, and be found in the morning stiff, and cold, and dead. Why—anybody can say."

Aye, stretch the little limbs, Mignonne; hold them to the warmth—so! Thou art smiling, and thou mayst well smile, for there are hearts in this cold city, and the doors have opened to doors of love to thee and thy mother, Mink!—what more? It brings the Muk!

A Blush Rose

to thy cheeks; but thou art surely become greedy—it is a whole panikin thou hast taken! There lie closer to the warm blanket they have wrapped thee in; there are hours of cosy sleep



Mrs. Fox and Dawson, and the Donkin Glacier, B.C.

"It was they who put us snugly here to bed, petite, and one knelt down near me while I told her of your father and our search for him, and she promised that they would find the place, and take a message from me to his very coil. Better than that—listen, sleepy one!—these women of the Army of Salvation told me where I should find a home for thee and me, and in the heart of a beautiful future they will bring thy father to us again, and will find him the means to keep us three in a happy home again."

"Oh, Bebe, Bebe, thy little eyes are closing and thou dost not listen! But, I tell thee, there must be a God, or there would not be so much love."

—From "Friends of the Poor."

## ONLY WAIT.

By LIEUT. R. GREAVETT.

A short time ago, while in a Salvation Army meeting, I heard a beautiful song, "Only Wait." While listening to the words they seemed to strike my heart, and I thought to myself, "Only two words, yet how much they mean to many of us who are following in the footsteps of the Saviour." How often we have felt that our cross has been too heavy, and our pathway has been so dark it has almost hid the Saviour's face, and we felt we were alone. Then like a sunbeam the heaven

ly whisper comes to us in just two words, "Only wait."

The words make things seem brighter, and our cross grows lighter, and Jesus seems nearer. Only wait, and we shall see Him who died for us. Only wait, and we shall see Him who lives for us. Only wait and we shall lay down the cross and take up the crown. Only wait, and no more sorrow, or temptation, or dark hours will come to us. Only wait, and all will be bright. For a month? No. For a year? No. For eternity? Yes, praise God!

Is it not worth waiting for, dear reader? I fancy I hear many say, "Yes, it is."

A few weeks ago I stood at the bedside of a comrade whom God had seen fit to call to His home on high. It seemed almost impossible to comfort the weeping children who gathered around her coffin. Yet I think if that dear mother could have spoken she would have spoken those two beautiful words, "Only wait—I shall soon see you again." Why should we mourn or complain when darkness and temptations come? Only wait, and all will be over, we shall see our blessed Redeemer, and receive a crown of everlasting life.

The words "Only wait" have been a great blessing to me, and I felt I must write these few words. If anyone who reads these simple lines feels sad, and weary, and almost like giving up, think of the words, "Only wait."

Strait running makes better speed than the swiftest circling.

stances, to sell the mill. The King immediately wrote, with his own hand, the following reply:—"My dear neighbor, I cannot allow you to sell the mill; I must remain in your possession as long as one member of your family exists; or it belongs to the history of Prussia. I lament, however, to learn that you are in circumstances of embarrassment, and therefore send you \$6,000 to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this money will be sufficient for the purpose. Consider me always your affectionate neighbor, Frederick William."

## Gems of Thought.

From Private Letters of the Great Composer, Charles Gounod.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.

The further we advance in this life, the more intimately do we become acquainted with the liberty of never being free.

Alas! the more time is full the faster it flies; it is only when time is unoccupied that it hangs long and heavily on one's hands.

Friendship and music, at one and the same time, form a small part of that state of bliss which will consist of the "simultaneousness of all joys."

I have finished my course, and the only thing that remains to be done is for me to lay down my arms. I have fought good fight with all my heart, and with all my strength. The rest will be in the world to come.

If we were sufficiently advanced to feel ourselves near to one another in body, at the very moment that our thoughts rush together, there would be hardly any more heart-rending separations in this world. Alas! it seems that we do not yet deserve to attain such heights.

I believe that our modern society is dying from this cause. Agitation takes the place of reality; it is the truth of the matter; feverishness has replaced life; it is against feverishness that we must wage war, unless we wish it to destroy us. And this fever is everywhere and in everything.

Truth has always the last word, even in this world or after we leave it. I await it therefore with confidence, certain that He who allows the trial will help me to bring it to light. I do not do not try to know it, as how it will come about; this is the secret of the Most High, into which we have neither the right nor the need to penetrate.

Nothing that is really good can be suppressed, everything is added on. With addition it is the same as with the masterpiece of great artists, the remembrance of the one never makes us forget the others. And I know of nothing more delightful than to be able to speak of those one loves with those whom one loves, as if they were all members of the one family of the heart.

## I Have Christ, What Want I More?

By SERGEANT-MAJOR MRS. BABCOCK.

In the heart of London city,  
Midst the dwellings of the poor,  
These bright, golden words were uttered.

"I have Christ, what want I more?"

By a lonely, dying widow,  
Stretching upon a narrow floor;  
Having not one earthly comfort—

"I have Christ, what want I more?"

But her words will live for ever,  
I repeat them o'er and o'er.  
God delights to hear me saying,

"I have Christ, what want I more?"

Oh, that all who read this story,  
Though by cares are tried and sore,  
Thus might say, with deep thanksgiving,

"I have Christ, what want I more?"

## JUSTICE.

Near Potsdam (Prussia), in the reign of Frederick, King of Prussia, was a mill which interfered with the view from the windows of Sans Souci. Annoyed by this inconvenience to his favorite residence, the King sent to enquire the price for which the mill would be sold by the owner. "For no price," was the reply of the sturdy Prussian; and, in a moment of anger, Frederick gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. "The King may do as he pleases," said the miller, quietly folding his arms, "but there are laws in Prussia; and forthwith he commenced proceedings against the monarch, the result of which was the court sentence, Frederick to rebuild the mill, and to pay besides a large sum of money as compensation for the injury which he had done. The King was mortified, but had the magnanimity to say, announcing himself to his courtiers, "I am glad to find that just laws and upright judges exist in my kingdom."

A few years ago the then head of the miller's family, finding himself involved in pecuniary difficulties that had become insurmountable, wrote to the then King of Prussia, reminding him of the refusal experienced by Frederick the Great at the hands of his ancestor, and stating that, if his majesty now entertained a similar desire to obtain possession of the property, it would be very agreeable to him, in his present embarrassed circum-



The East to Run Things—Nigger Not so Well as Usual—Lieut. Currell Not Defeated Yet—Rise New—foundland—Where's Skagway?

I guess I'll let the East run things for a while longer. They seem to be able to do the job.

Poor, despised Nigger! When will he earn a more glorious cognomen? (For the meaning of the word, see Webster's 5 o'clock special.)

Ha, ha! Lieut. Currell is in her accustomed place. She just merely dropped a few last week to encourage others, perhaps. Does Mrs. Dowell, of Halifax, intend to try conclusions with the Hamilton champion?

Well done, Newfoundland! You're worthy of better things, I know, and it's yourselves who ought to shine.

The Cadets are not affected by the climatic changes. The list looks good this week. Cadets Jones and Darch are evidently "striving for the mastery."

The champion Hustlers are Lieut. Currell (350), Mrs. Dowell (340), Capt. Hockin (293), Lieut. March (220).

We miss the familiar Skagway names this week, and don't feel quite as cheerful as usual.

#### Eastern Province.

##### 123 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	320
Lieut. March, St. John I.	220
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	190
Sergt. Lidstone, Glarus Bay	175
Ensign Thompson, Westville	150
S.-M. Veinot, Halifax II.	150
S.-M. Casbin, Halifax I.	115
Lieut. Newell, Eastport	110
Mrs. Adjt. Cameron, Charlottetown	104
Jennie McQueen, Moncton	100
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	100
Cand. McFadden, New Glasgow	96
Capt. Davis, Sussex	88
Sgt. Brown, Chignecto	88
M. Stevenson, Coleville	85
Lieut. Melkie, Springhill	85
Capt. White, Sackville	85
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	83
Capt. Jones, Charlottetown	80
Capt. Holden, Newcastle	79
Capt. Prince, St. George's	75
Adj. Wiggins, New Glasgow	75
Lieut. H. White, North Sydney	75
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	75
Capt. Armstrong, Miramichi	75
P. S. M. Lovely, Parrishboro	70
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	70
Capt. N. Smith, Miramichi	65
Capt. Murdoch, Hillsboro	65
Sergt. Gibbons, St. George's	60
Lieut. Parsons, Chatham	60
Capt. McLeod, Somerset	60
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Head	60
Capt. L. Archer, Windsor	58
Ensign Wilson, Carleton	58
Lieut. Legge, Woodstock	58
Capt. Murdoch, Liverpool	58
Lieut. Clark, Liverpool	58
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	50
E. Peckwood, St. George's	54
Capt. Cowan, St. John I.	50
Sergt. Gregory, Fredericton	50
Adj. Byers, Moncton	50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Capt. Hudson, St. John II.	50
Jennie Smith, Windsor	50
Capt. Long, Windsor	50
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisbourg	50
Capt. Netling, Somerset	50
Lieut. Ritchie, Bear River	45
Lieut. Nugent, Carleton	45
Capt. Wyatt, Kentville	42

Lieut. Gilmann, Kentville	42
Sergt. Jennings, St. George's	40
Capt. Mercer, Chatham	40
D. Smith, Campbellton	40
May Turner, St. John V.	40
Ensign Bowering, Woodstock	40
Lieut. Cavender, Truro	40
Ensign Knight, St. John III.	40
Mrs. Ensign Galt, Dartmouth	40
Lieut. Fossitt, New Glasgow	40
Sergt. Cowan, Sydney	40
Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines	40
Lieut. Wood, Houlton	40
Sergt. Pike, Hamilton	40
Lieut. B. Brice, Bridgetown	39
Lieut. Munroe, Fairville	38
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	36
Capt. Green, St. Stephen	35
Lieut. Riley, St. Stephen	35
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	35
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	35
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	35
Capt. Bell, Freeport	30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Sergt. P. M. Jones, Fredericton	30
Ensign Mrs. Williams, Fredericton	30
Capt. Pemberton, Campbellton	30
Capt. Lamont, St. John V.	30
Lieut. Ogilvie, St. John V.	30
Capt. Ebbary, Digby	30
Mrs. Marshall, Chatham	30
Maggie McKay, Halifax II.	30
Jay Jarvis, Halifax II.	30
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth	30
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton	30
Lieut. Conrad, Chatham	30
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	30
Capt. Chandler, Canning	30
Cadet Chislett, Canning	30
Sergt.-Major Morrison, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Dinzie, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. Smith, Glace Bay	25
Lieut. Stothard, Glace Bay	25
Mrs. Douglas, Cains	25
Lieut. Veinot, Halifax I.	25
Sergt. Brewer, Halifax I.	25
Sergt. Engle, Chatham	25
Lieut. McKinn, Halifax II.	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton	25
P. S. M. Jefferson, Annapolis	23
S.-M. Marney, St. John III.	22
Sister Pelly, Chatham	22
Sergt. Pettie, Springhill	21
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton	20
C. C. Godsoe, Fredericton	20
Stella Osborne, Fredericton	20
Lillian Watts, Fredericton	20
Mrs. Young, Lunenburg	20
Floissie Martin, Truro	20
Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Springhill	20
S.-M. Kent, Bear River	20
Sister Weir, Digby	20
Mrs. Ensign Galt, St. John III.	20
Cand. McChesney, St. John III.	20
Lieut. DeBow, St. John II.	20
Capt. Richardson, North Head	20
Lieut. Weakley, North Head	20

#### West Ontario Province.

##### 92 Hustlers.

Capt. Hockin, London	293
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	125
P. S. M. Huffman, Woodstock	110
Minnie Schuster, Berlin	100
Ensign Crawford, Stratford	100
Lieut. West, Chatham	100
Capt. Carr, Stratford	90
Ensign Stie, Woodstock	90
Rert Thompson, Wallaceburg	90
Capt. Malfroy, Brantford	83
Lieut. Anderson, Tilsonburg	80
Adj. Scott, Sarnia	80
Mrs. George, Galt	80
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt	80
Lieut. Himsley, Simcoe	80
C. C. C. Godsoe, Goderich	75
S.-M. McDougall, Goderich	75
Mrs. Major O'Connell, Galt	75
Lieut. McColl, Bothwell	70
S.-M. Brydon, Windsor	70
Ensign Haley, St. Thomas	70
Lieut. Ellis, Ridgeway	61
Mrs. E. Freeman, Litchfield	60
Garrie McCuen, Petrolia	60
Capt. Dow, Palmerston	60
Capt. Sitzer, Stratford	50
Sister Howlett, Hespeler	50
Sister Richards, Guelph	50
Mrs. Capt. Ross, Galt	50
Allice Ebbary, Windsor	50
Rhoda Keeler, Windsor	50
Adj. Cameron, Guelph	50
Capt. Jordison, Drayton	50
Netling, London	50
Capt. Coy, Leamington	50
Capt. Young, Forest	49
C.-C. Grace Cooper, Brantford	49
Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	45

Reggie Rowe, Brantford	45
Fred Palmer, London	45
Adj. Coombs, Petrolia	45
Capt. Williams, Clinton	44
Mrs. Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	43
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia	42
Mrs. Lindsay, Stratford	40
Mrs. Capt. DeBell, Ingersoll	40
Capt. Patterson, Wallaceburg	40
C.-C. Verna Crafts, Chatham	40
Capt. Barker, Clinton	36
Mother Cutting, Essex	35
Capt. Yeomans, Wingham	35
Hanna Burton	35
Capt. White, Ridgeway	33
Capt. Kitchen, Paris	32
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris	32
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	32
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	32
Ensign Galt, St. Thomas	30
Lieut. Murray, Blenheim	30
Ensign Howcroft, Wingham	30
Mrs. Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia	30
Mary Wisson, Simcoe	30
Lieut. Allen, Watford	26
Lieut. Allen, Watford	26
Cand. Woods, Watford	26
Mary Schuster, Berlin	25
Mrs. Nos. Ingersoll	25
Sister Garret, Blenheim	25
Mrs. Ensign Stie, Woodstock	25
Capt. Rock, Seaford	25
Lottie Christian, Petrolia	25
Rosa Ellis, Dresden	25
Dad Christner, Dresden	25
Capt. Crawford, St. Thomas	25
Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas	25
Lieut. Martin, Berlin	25
Capt. Coy, Leamington	25
Sister Gardele, London	25
Sergt. D. Kerawell, London	25
Capt. Fyfe, London	25
Lieut. Close, Stratford	20
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Ensign Hellman, Goderich	20
Capt. Bonny, Listowel	20
Maizey Smith, Goderich	20
Lieut. C. C. Godsoe, Goderich	20
Capt. Pickle, Theford	20
Mrs. Kuapp, Ingersoll	20
S.-M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Bro. Haggard, Windsor	20
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	20

#### Central Ontario Province.

##### 80 Hustlers.

Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	350
S.-M. Bowcock, Lippincott	150
Capt. Wilson, Newmarket	100
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	100
Capt. Rose, Orillia	67
Capt. MacLeck, Hamilton II.	62
Capt. MacLeck, Hamilton II.	62
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville	62
Bro. Mofft, Riverside	62
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	62
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	62
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	58
Capt. Capper, Brampton	51
Lieut. Gravett, Aurora	50
Lieut. Porter, Midland	50
Ensign Brant, Oshawa	50
Lieut. Lamb, Chatham	50
Cand. H. St. Orillia	50
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Ensign Stalger, Owen Sound	48
Capt. Stephens, Meaford	45
Lieut. Phillips, Meaford	45
Capt. Cornish, Riverside	44
Bro. Dickenson, Dundas	42
Ensign Hanna, Dundas	42
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	40
S.-M. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	40
S.-M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Bro. L. St. John, Oakville	40
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Stickells, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	35
Capt. Clark, Sudbury	35
Lieut. Jackson, Sarnia	35
Lizelle Bradley, Temple	35
Capt. Palling, Midland	35
Capt. Kellie, Fenelon Falls	30
Lieut. Marekell, Brooklin	30
C.-C. Edie Cornwell, Lindsay	30
Mrs. H. Fraser, St. John I.	30
Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Stickells, Gravenhurst	27
Sergt. Clark, Lippincott	27
Capt. Matthews, Bur's Falls	27
Capt. B. H. St. John I.	27
C.-C. Gerk, Bur's Falls	25
C.-M. Minnie Sheardown, Huron St.	25
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	25
Capt. Calvert, Huron St.	25
Capt. Waige, Immensee	25
Capt. Bell, Huron St.	25
S.-M. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	21
Adj. Bale, Lisgar St.	20
Dad Dixon, Temple	25
C.-C. Eva MacLean, Lindsay	25
P. S. M. Stacey, Temple	25
Capt. Renzie, Bracebridge	24
Lieut. Wilson, Bracebridge	22
Treas. Miller, Bracebridge	22
S.-M. Boyer, Bracebridge	20

P. S. M. Stundon, Bracebridge	20
Blair Andrews, Temple	20
Bro. Helson, Lindsay	20
Adj. Sims, Lindsay	20
Sergt.-Major McHenry, Lisgar St.	20
Lieut. Welsh, Uxbridge	20
Capt. Fynn, Dovercourt	20
Lieut. Hoverson, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Patterson, Orangeville	20
Lieut. Hudgin, Orangeville	20
Ensign Sherwin, Bowmanville	20
Capt. Huskinson, Bowmanville	20
Mrs. G. Grenville, Bowmanville	20
Pearl McLeod, Scarborough	20
Louie Coy, Hamilton I.	20
Maude Rogers, Hamilton I.	20
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	20
Lieut. Smith, Oshawa	20
Martha Rolston, Fenelon Falls	20

#### East Ontario Province.

##### 68 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Duddy, Ottawa	154
Capt. Hicks, Pembroke	130
Ensign Hutt, Burlington	125
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	106
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	106
Lieut. Holliday, Scarborough	100
Sergt. Raymo, Barre	100
Capt. Magee, St. Johnsbury	95
Lieut. Webber, St. Johnsbury	95
Ensign Comstock, Belleville	95
Capt. Lidell, Belleville	85
C.-C. Pollitt, Kingston	85
Lieut. Greenelades, Trenton	80
C.-C. Carson, Kingston	77
Capt. Woods, Kemptville	75
Capt. Moore, Ottawa	75
Lieut. Duncan, Ottawa	75
Adj. Mung, Peterboro	75
Adj. McNamara, Kingston	70
Lieut. Fulford, Arnprior	69
Lieut. Matthews, Port Hope	68
Lieut. Oshawa, Chatham	65
Capt. Newell, Barre	60
Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	60
Capt. Ash, Ogdensburg	60
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	60
Lieut. Hoole, Kingston	60
Sergt. Moore, Kingston	50
Mrs. Hippner, Montreal II.	50
Lieut. Carpenter, Ogdensburg	50
Mrs. Barber, Kingston	50
S.-M. Rice, Montreal I.	50
J. Rutherford, Kingston	47
Sergt. Moore, Kingston I.	45
Sergt. Harbour, Ottawa	45
Capt. Pitcher, Gananoque	40
Lieut. Soward, Gananoque	40
Bro. Moon, Tweed	40
P. S. M. Starch, Montreal II.	35
Sergt. Hornback, Cobourg	35
Sergt. Logie, Montreal I.	35
Ensign Bloss, Ottawa	34
Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Tweed	30
Capt. Ergo, Montreal II.	30
Sergt. Wright, Montreal I.	30
Sergt. Symington, Montreal I.	30
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	25
Capt. Clark, Brockville	25
Capt. King, Brockville	25
Mrs. Brown, Kingston	25
Mrs. Omond, Ottawa	25
Sergt. Vauclair, Montreal I.	25
S. Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Capt. Ross, Cornwall	25
Mrs. Cross, Cornwall	25
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
S.-M. Stone, Lakefield	20
P. S. M. McVety, Sherbrooke	20
Ensign Galt, Sherbrooke	20
Idea Cornell, Belleville	20
Trina White, Brockville	20
Dad Duquet, Trenton	20
Mrs. Ensign Haskirk, Montreal I.	20
Miss Gilliam, Renfrew	20
Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall	20

#### Newfoundland Province.

##### 58 Hustlers.

Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John's I.	80
Sergt.-Major Ebbary, St. John's I.	67
Capt. Moore, St. John's I.	65
Mrs. H. Fraser, St. John's I.	65
P. S. M. Newman, Trillington	55
Nettie Rose, Grand Bank	50
Lieut. Ebbary, Carbonear	47
Capt. Stickland, The Cove	45
Sergt. Galt, St. John's I.	45
Ensign Galt, St. John's I.	45
Lieut. Mercer, Channel	35
Mrs. Snooks, Carbonear	30
Sergt. Evans, Hant's Harbor	30
Sergt. Galt, St. John's I.	30
Sergt. Case, Pitcher, Scilly Cove	30
Lieut. Matthews, Bonaville	30
Mrs. Fynn, Ward's Harbor	30
Jane Taylor, Carbonear	30
Cadet J. Butler, St. John's Beach	25
Cadet J. Butler, St. John's Beach	25
Sergt. M. Bennett, Fortune	25
Sergt. J. Ash, Carbonear	25
J. S. S.-M. Adey, Clarenville	25
Mrs. M. Coal, Clarenville	25
Lieut. LeDrew, Grand Bank	25

Capt. Noel, Charlottetown	25
Thomas Harlick, Gambo	25
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	22
Lieut. House, Lunenburg	22
Sergt. Honeyburn, Maguaretown	22
Sergt. Crocker, Heart's Delight	22
Lieut. Newman, Gooseberry Island	22
Cadet J. James, St. John's I.	22
S. M. Ridout, Lunenburg	22
Cadet G. Collins, St. John's I.	20
Sergt. M. Blunden, St. John's I.	20
Sergt. Carter, St. John's I.	20
Lieut. Young, St. John's I.	20
Lieut. Sheary, Old Fort Canada	20
Lieut. Mercer, Lunenburg	20
Sergt. Ash, Harbor Grace	20
Sergt. Mavon, Fortune	20
Cand. Moulton, Burin	20
Sergt. Collins, Gambo	20
Adjt. White, Lunenburg	20
P. S. M. Harding, Greenspond	20
Capt. Brace, Shearstown	20
Sergt. Gosse, Shearstown	20
Capt. Barry, Burin	20
Lieut. Withshire, Burin	20
S. M. Green, Arnold's Cove	20
John Temple, Arnold's Cove	20
Alice Chapman, Little Bay Island	20
Susie Braker, Briggs	20
Sergt. H. Brulin, Maguaretown	20
Phoebe Reid, Arnold's Cove	20

## North-West Province.

## 47 Hunters.

Sergt. Livermore, Winnipeg	161
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Calgary	161
Lieut. Forberg, Winnipeg	111
Ensign Mercer, Port William	85
Capt. Mason, Port William	85
Capt. E. Gamble, Moorhead	82
Capt. Habbiker, Medicine Hat	82
Capt. Blodgett, Jamestown	80
Lieut. Croser, Edmonton	77
Lieut. Mianear, Edmonton	77
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Grand Forks	65
Mrs. Ensign Wynne, Brandon	60
Capt. Barrager, Brandon	60
Ensign Hayes, Fargo	60
Lieut. McLaren, Grand Forks	57
Capt. Erwin, Grand Forks	55
Capt. Braudser, Devil's Lake	55
Ensign McLean, Port Arthur	55
Sergt. Leadman, Winnipeg	55
Lieut. Wiley, Prince Albert	54
Mrs. Mosser, Winnipeg	50
Capt. McKay, Winnipeg	50
Lieut. Cook, Lethbridge	46
C. C. Johnson, Bismarck	46
Cand. Stickle, Dauphin	44
Sergt. Harford, Winnipeg	42
Capt. Scott, Regina	39
Capt. Mansell, Emerson	39
Ensign Taylor, Carleton	38
Ensign Collett, Rat Portage	35
Capt. Livingston, Neepawa	34
Capt. Swain, Selkirk	31
Mrs. Custer, Moorhead	31
Capt. Myers, Grafton	30
Capt. Anderson, Edmonton	30
Ensign Green, Moose Jaw	28
Capt. Hansen, Devil's Lake	27
Cadet Tinson, Moosemin	27
Capt. Mansell, Emerson	27
Adjt. Hayes, Lethbridge	24
Lieut. Gardiner, Neepawa	24
Capt. Askin, Souris	23
Cadet Plester, Souris	23
Sister Gator, Winnipeg	20
Capt. Montgomery, Winnipeg	20
Lieut. Lawford, Rat Portage	20
Lieut. Oxendrier, Hannah	20

## Pacific Province.

## 27 Hunters.

Cadet McCormick, Victoria	134
Capt. Johnstone, Victoria	130
Capt. McQuay, Livingston	130
Sergt. Wright, Victoria	124
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	100
Capt. Hurst, Vancouver	97
Capt. Quatt, Livingston	87
Sergt. Fooker, Kinsale	87
Cadet Yerex, Lewiston	75
Lieut. Johnson, Vancouver	72
Adjt. Yerex, Great Falls	63
Lieut. Lewis, Great Falls	63
Ensign Scott, Nelson	50
Capt. Whinnison, Vancouver	50
Capt. Miller, Greenwood	50
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	50
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, Vancouver	45
Capt. Charlton, Nelson	40
Sergt. Whipple, Vancouver	40
Sergt. McCaugland, Spokane	35
Bro. Salak, Spokane	35
Mrs. Mercer, New Westminster	31
Hannah Kaudon, Nelson	31
Sergt. Norbury, Spokane	25
Sergt. Hamilton, Spokane	25
Flora Fogue, Nelson	20
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Missoula	20

## Territorial Training Home.

## 14 Hunters.

Cadet Jones, Winnipeg	65
Cadet Darch	65
Cadet Palmer	61

Cadet Gilbank	46
Cadet Oke	42
Cadet Courtemanche	39
Cadet L. White	31
Cadet White	29
Cadet Clark	28
Cad't Davis	27
Cadet Parker	27
Cadet Henderson	25
Cadet Richardson	25
Cadet J. W. White	20

## The Hygiene Class.

## CHAPTER XLII.

## DIPHTHERIA.

As diphtheria prevails extensively at times, a few hints respecting its proper management will no doubt be of interest:—

1. It must be remembered that diphtheria is a germ disease, i.e., it is due to the reception into the system of germs of a specific character. The gravity of the disease, in any particular case, depends upon the condition of the system of the patient when the germs are received, and the number and activity of the germs introduced. The disease seems to be closely allied to ordinary tonsillitis. Indeed it seems hardly possible to distinguish between a case of mild diphtheria and a case of tonsillitis. The theory is held by some eminent authors that there is really no difference between the two maladies, but that diphtheria, which, in its most characteristic form, presents, as one of its features, a peculiar membrane upon the diseased surface, is only a sore throat of unusual malignancy.

2. It is evident that in the treatment of this disease, agents capable of destroying germs, or of delaying their development, must be of service. The difficulty in the use of these agents is, that if employed in too great a quantity to destroy the germs, they are injurious to the tissues. Spirits of turpentine is about the only exception to this rule, and on this account is an excellent remedy in this kind of disease. It is best taken by means of the steam inhaler, and should be used regularly, several times a day, for at least five minutes, from the time the child is exposed to the disease. The use of a steam inhaler, or of a nebulizer, is of great value. A small cup of the steam inhaler, placing only water in the inner cup. It will be well, also, to keep constantly evaporating upon the stove or over a lamp in the sick room, if half ounce of turpentine in a basin of water. As soon as the throat assumes a red swollen appearance, and there is a decided rise of temperature, cold applications should be made to the throat and tonsils by means of ice cubes, or cloths wrung out in ice water, every hour. Once in two hours fomentations should be applied to the throat for fifteen minutes. If there is much pain, fomentations should be applied for ten minutes.

If the inflammation of the throat causes much coughing, and irritates the throat, the steam inhalation may be taken without it a part of the time. It should be used for five or ten minutes, every hour. When a different membrane makes its appearance, the same measures should be continued assiduously, and the membrane should be painted, every half hour, with a solution of papayotin, or vegetable persin. The following is the formula:—Papayotin, 5 grains; distilled water, one and a half drams; glycerine, four drams. Apply to the membrane patch with a camel's hair brush. It is also well to apply to the throat, hourly, in the form of a spray, a solution of carbolic acid, or chlorate of potash. In the case of adults, a saturated solution of chlorate of potash may be used; for young children, the solution should be used with care. The solution may be used for both adults and children, in the saturated solution. It should be applied with an air atomizer.

3. In favorable cases, the membrane disappears in two or three days, and sometimes in twelve or twenty hours. In the case of a severe case, the membrane is favored by the inhalation of steam. The use of the steam atomizer is exceedingly valuable for this purpose.

4. The general treatment of these cases is, at times, a few hints respecting its proper management will no doubt be of interest. The thing of first importance is the administration of water in large quantities. A child

should be able to swallow a half-glass of water every hour. Older persons may take a glassful hourly. Induce the patient to take the water hot, if possible, or at least warm, as this favors perspiration, which is important in this disease. If the child cannot drink a sufficient quantity of water, which should not be less than two quarts in twenty-four hours, water should be administered by enema. Perspiration should also be encouraged by a blanket pack, which should be administered twice a day during the first few days of the disease. This consists of wrapping the patient in a blanket wrung out in warm water. He should be kept in the pack from twenty to forty minutes, or until profuse perspiration is induced. After the pack, wrap him in a warm blanket to prevent taking cold, and to favor the continuance of perspiration to a moderate degree. The blanket pack relieves restlessness, lessens fever, and, in addition, it tends to be sides adding the separation of the membranes. Frequently children sick with this disease, with a temperature up to nearly one hundred and four and a half degrees, and in a state of almost complete collapse, have been brought back to consciousness, and so greatly improved in every particular within the short space of two hours, by the aid of the blanket pack, that the change seems to be a miracle. In twenty-four hours patients will often be convalescent and make an excellent recovery.

5. It is most important that food should be given in sufficient quantities to maintain strength. It should be light, consisting of fruit juices, gruels, milk, milktoast, boiled rice, and similar foods, excluding meats and fats, and, in every thing difficult of digestion. If the child is unable to swallow, nutritive enemata of peptonized beef may be used advantageously.

Of course, it is understood that cases of this disease are so grave that no person not medically educated should undertake the management of a case without the advice of a physician; but we feel sure that no intelligent physician need neglect the measures here outlined. Copious water-drinking, and the use of the blanket pack, we consider among the most important remedies. If to these be added the application of heat and the use of turpentine in the above category will include the most valuable remedies for use in this disease.



We warrant, gentlemen, we will find you. We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, return them to their homes. We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, return them to their homes. We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, return them to their homes.

## First Insertion.

3968. CROUCH, WILLIAM THOMAS. Age 39, 5 ft. 8 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, pale complexion, thin, single, no family, born in England. Supposed to have come to Toronto, in February, '02. May go by the name of Fuller.

Also LELIA MARY WRIGHT, aged 27, height 5 ft. 3 in., brown hair, slightly lame.

3969. MAYERS, WILLIAM JAMES. Age 33, 5 ft. 7 in., dark brown hair, hazel eyes, formerly from England. Supposed to be in Toronto.

3970. GILBERT, HARRY G. Age 32, 5 ft. 6 in., medium height, stout. When last heard from, in Sept. '01, was on his way to Nelson, B.C. Supposed to be working at mining somewhere in B. C. Mother anxious.

## Second Insertion.

3967. FRASER, GEORGE. Age 33, short and stout, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly worked at the mines in the Yukon. Last heard from in the West in March, 1902. Supposed to be in Winnipeg or Brandon.

Love bows over the lines of liking.

Pride and ignorance are the babes that help one another to get lost.



## III.—THE GERMANS.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Maximilian II. . . . . A.D. 1864.

Maximilian II. was thirty-seven years of age when he succeeded his father. He was a kindly, warm-hearted man, beloved by all, and he allowed so much freedom to the Lutherans that he was sometimes accused of being one himself. He could speak six languages with ease, and King Henry III. of France declared that he was the most accomplished gentleman he ever met. He was so industrious that his chancellor said that if he had not been Emperor he would have been the best of chancellors, and he was always ready to hear the petitions of the meanest of his subjects. His Bohemian subjects said of him that they were his father, and all his people would have given the same character of him.

Unfortunately, whatever he did in his own dominions of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, he held little power over the princes of the Empire, and they would not listen to his counsel. It had become the custom of the Germans to go forth as soldiers, calling themselves Landknechts, and hiring themselves out to fight for whomever they would, for what cause, provided they were well paid, and got plenty of plunder. This took them away from their proper work; there were not men enough left to till the soil, and such as came back were horribly worn, and wicked, unfit for a peaceful life. Maximilian tried to get the Diet to forbid the men of Germany from taking the sword with other princes, but he could not succeed, and Germany fought all through the wars in France and the Netherlands. However, the Diet agreed with the Kaiser in trying to put down this horrible lawlessness of some of the barons. There was a knight called Wilhelm of Grumbach who had ravaged Franconia with fire and sword, and had been murdering the Bishop of Wurtzburg. He had been put under the ban of the Empire, but Friedrich of Saxony, son of the deposed Elector, Johann Friedrich, thought proper to give him shelter at Gotha, and for seven years the edict could not be performed, but at last the Emperor August came before Gotha with an army, and forced it to surrender, when Grumbach, after being barbarously tortured, was torn to pieces by wild horses, and Friedrich was imprisoned, and deprived of his lands, which were divided between his two sons.

Maximilian was a firm ally of Queen Elizabeth, and there was a plan at one time of one of his many sons marrying her, but it came to nothing. His daughter Elizabeth married the son of King Louis of Saxony, and was Queen IX. of France, and was quite broken-hearted by the cruelties she saw at his court. Maximilian himself showed the greatest grief and indignation at the French prince's marriage, and was always stout for what was just and merciful.

His wife was Maria, daughter of Charles V., for the Austrian princes were forced to marry the daughters of the French king, and thus the French spirit, the family becameJulier and diller, and none of the five sons of Maximilian were equal to himself. The eldest of them, who bore the same name as his father, was determined to be a prince, and was very strongly in the Diet, and would not give up a fragment of the Church lands which they had seized, and the Emperor was determined not to go to war with them.

(To be continued from

